

## THE ECHO

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

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Department.

Elsewhere in this issue of the paper is an article on safe driving written by Mr. Copenhagen who is employed in the office of Ecusta. Every employee is urged to read the article. It is especially timely since one of our employees was killed and several other employees injured in recent automobile accidents.

Traffic to Brevard is especially heavy at shift changing times and about 5:00 p. m. when day workers leave the plant. It seems that almost every driver thinks he must get to town first. Very few have any cause for hurrying and usually the only motive for the fast driving is just to get there ahead of the other fellow.

Not only is there danger of accidents involving cars but the lives of many school children are endangered as well. All children who live on the Vanderbilt Road and a number who live on the main highway walk to the Pisgah Forest school. In the mornings and afternoons these children are walking along the highways. Special care should be used to see that their lives are not endangered by reckless driving.

A little more caution in driving may prevent a serious accident.

### Special Classes Are Available To Ecusta Workers at College

A number of the employees are planning to take courses at Brevard College during the coming year. Some have already enrolled in the business course which the college offers, and others are making arrangements to enroll in other departments.

Due to the fact that many employees work shifts which change each week it is difficult for them to enroll in the regular classes.

The officials of the college have expressed a willingness to establish night classes in most any course in which a sufficient number of employees are interested.

Those who work days regularly can arrange to attend classes each night. An attempt is being made to arrange a schedule so that those who are on shifts may be able to attend.

If other employees are interested in this matter, they should get in touch with the personnel manager or Mr. Buckner at the college.

### Road Nears Completion

Work is nearing completion on the Vanderbilt road which connects Highway 64 and 281 and forms the thoroughfare to Ecusta.

The new road was begun several months ago but due to bad weather conditions, the construction was delayed considerably. The new road, made necessary by the large traffic to Ecusta, is a great improvement over the old in that several curves and the blind entrance to the highway have been eliminated.

### Message From The President—Cont.

increase the capacity of our plant.

The steady improvement of our product, to which all of you have contributed, has resulted in a warm reception of our product on the part of our customers. I hope that with all of us cooperating, Ecusta will always maintain its leadership in this new industry.

We carefully studied the requirements of this new plant, which will consist at the beginning of three big paper machines, with space provided so that we can later on add another machine. We incorporated in our plans improvements over our present plant—the result of experience gained during last year's operation. The new addition will be our "1941 Model", and we expect it to be the finest paper mill in the world.

All of you who have been working in our plant in the past have surely developed some ideas whereby the work can be facilitated and the results improved upon. I cordially invite you to bring such ideas to our attention, by talking to your superintendent, who will then discuss it with our engineers; and, if practical, your suggestion will be adopted.

This new plant—same as our present one—shall be yours and ours. Combined, let us work for permanent success. Let us work side by side for contentment, happiness and prosperity.

During the last few months I have been kept busy day and night perfecting the complicated plans for the new plant. Innumerable details had to be attended to, and many difficulties and problems—insurmountable as they appeared at the time—have been successfully solved.

This is the reason why I could not visit the plant as frequently as I did in the past and why my personal contacts with all of you, individually, have been less frequent than I would have liked them to be.

However, in the busy program which lies ahead of me, I have included more time than ever before which I hope to spend in the plant among you, in order to renew our acquaintanceship, to learn to know each other better, and to create a bond of everlasting friendship and confidence in each other.

Faithfully yours,  
HARRY H. STRAUS

### IN MEMORIAM

July 27, 1940

Charles Clubb

Words are treacherous things at their best. At a time when they are sorely needed they prove themselves inadequate. The deep sorrow at the passing of a fellow worker, the sympathy for the bereaved family and the young wife are too profound to be expressed in mere syllables.

The humming of the suction pump on Number 3 Wet Lap has a new sound—a sad note has crept into it. To the boys who work in the Pulp Mill and listen to that sound all day, it is a constant reminder that something is missing. A smile, a cheerful word and a more than willing spirit of helpfulness and cooperation have gone. Charles Clubb isn't with us any more.

We have lost a friend.

Now that we have a nice new road to ride on, let's not clutter it up with wrecks and accidents. Start earlier and get there in time, without risking a lot of lives.

"Drive slowly and get home to dinner."  
"Drive fast and get home and sit around to wait for dinner—if you get home!"

Aug. 22, 1940

Guy Whitmire

Another void has appeared in the ranks of the boys in the Pulp Mill. Again we are forced to rely on the puny phrases at our command to express an emotion which we feel much too deeply for simple utterance.

To the bereaved young wife, the two lovely children, the sorrowful mother, brothers and sisters of Guy Whitmire, we can only intimate that we share in your loss. You have been compelled to give up a kind and gentle husband, father, son and brother. We must go on without the presence of a loyal worker, a pleasing personality and a friend to all of us.

Our loss is great—yours is immeasurable.

Plans are being made for a field day followed by a program in the evening for the grand opening of the new Country Club building and tennis courts. The events of the day will probably consist of a local golf tournament, a match between the Ecusta tennis team and Hendersonville. Watch the papers for definite date.

### Tell-A-Story C

Mary Sue Thor

All the world loves a story. Telling is the most popular diversion in every walk of life. Wherever people are story tellers. A light story supplies just the necessary amount of mental relief from more serious things of everyday life.

The art of story telling has long had a popularity. Only a few monuments were erected to the memory of a famous European, Maunchausen; whose story telling amused people for generations. This monument is inscribed "World's Greatest Liar". The Story Tellers Club in Ecusta is known as "The Liars Club". Year prizes are awarded for the best stories submitted to the club.

In discussing the need for "The Echo" it has been decided to publish a column of needs stories so the purpose of the column is to help supply the need. Everybody knows a lot of interesting stories. The stories for this column should not be original. There is a need for variety from which to choose. It may be an original story, a happening, or a popular classic, or your favorite short story, or one of those amusing Grandpa or Uncle stories. Won't you send in your favorite for publication? There is no need to be afraid of an act of plagiarism. Any story selected for publication will be as preferred, with or without the author's name who submits it. The editor of this column would like help in writing and rendering any possible assistance.

Perhaps a prize will be given to the best story submitted each year, however, a definite prize concerning that will be determined later.

The writer starts the story with a little story that late Will Rogers used to tell about his boyhood. Will and his cousin, John, were in church one Sunday afternoon and were bored with family rules and the service. The service was very dull and the two boys who were bored could have spent the afternoon in a swimming hole, but when the pastor took for his text, "Jesus with waves" their faces brightened and he repeated his text over and over. The idea occurred to Will. He told to his cousin, "Bet he got tied on his feet. Let's go try it."

The idea of walking on their hands and feet. Christ obsessed the boys. Their father came agog with interest and disapproval. Finally they could stand no longer so they stole off their seats, cringing under the approving eyes on them and slipping stealthily down the aisles. They thought they had just committed a serious crime. When they stepped on the open they breathed a sigh of relief and fairly ran home. They hastily changed their clothes and hurried to the barn and hid a couple of gourds apiece under the swimming hole.

Will managed to get his feet on the gourds securely to his feet before the minister and dived in intending to walk on the surface, but he might he could not get his feet of the water—his feet insisted on sticking straight up.

The cousin watched from the side and all he could see on the water was a mad battle between

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