

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.

DOUG LEAVES US

Ecusta and the Echo, like all of Transylvania County, have temporarily lost a friend—a real friend who has always been ready to freely give any aid in the many difficulties encountered in trying to publish this little sheet.

As all our employees know The Times was owned, managed, and edited by Charlie M. Douglas. We say the type for our paper has been set there—that is what we paid Doug to do—but this does not represent the work he did.

We were profoundly shocked when, while working one night on the December issue of the "Echo," Doug suddenly said, "I am going out of here the first of the year. Selling out—Doc says I have got to go."

Doug's interests and activities were not limited to the publication of a newspaper. Anything that affected the welfare of Transylvania County concerned Doug.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dear Subscribers, it has come to my attention, since the last edition of "The Echo," that an alarming number of you have been cancelling your subscriptions.

SOCIETY NOTES:

The wedding of the month took place in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Goround last evening at 8:00 E. S. T. The bride, formerly Miss Mary Goround, of the Finishing Department married Dr. J. J. Jerke, Jr., PHD, WPA, COD, AWOL, who is now unemployed.

Mrs. Jerke, Jr., wore a yellow gown trimmed with lovely red stripes of velvet. This gown was a hand-me-down from her Mother's wedding, who got it from her Mother, who got it from her Mother, who bought it from an Indian.

The bride carried a bouquet of dainty sunflowers and smelling salts. She was a pretty sight and very popular. The groom wore his own suit bought new for the occasion and had a beautiful rose in his lapel and Four Roses in his pocket.

After a short wedding trip to Connestee Falls, the Niagara of the Souse (we mean South), the couple plans to reside in Morganton Institution where Dr. Jerke is under study.

SITUATION OF THE MONTH:

This wouldn't happen to Hedy Lamarr, nevertheless it happened to J. R. Denton. Driving confidently up to the Gate Wednesday morning expecting to be readily admitted, he was stopped by the Ecusta Police and was asked for his pass.

Stalling for time, he systematically began placing the contents of the bill fold on the seat of his car. In quick succession appeared a watch fob, a shoe sole, ten cents, the Sunday edition of the New York Times, a lead slug (piccolo size), a blow torch; and then from the dark recesses of his pocket book he brought out a slightly used anvil.

As he turned around to go back for his pass (he was heard to mutter "Sticks and stones may break my bones . . .")

Boner of the month—John Goolsby, machine tender, was appointed to stand by the time rack and see that each man on his shift punched his time card. He carried out his assignment in army style, making sure that no one got by—and then complacently walked off without punching his own card.

OVERHEARD IN THE PLANT:

Champagne: "I'll match you a quarter, then quit."

Boucher Cork: "I hear the office is going to make our checks payable to the Commissary—there's no sense wasting time."

Girls' Locker Room: CENSORED!!

Pulp Mill: "Go wake John up, it's quitting time."

Tom Allen's Machine Room Office: "Yes sir, No sir, Yes sir, No sir, Oh! Yes sir, Who, me?"

Beater Room: Overheard! (low distant wail) They gave me no raise—but I can take it if they can! They can!!

In machine room—new foreman to old foreman—How shall I treat these third hands? As my equal or my superior?

Overheard—Fiske Carter—New foreman to his men. If there is a man among you who doesn't think I'm your friend—just step out and say so.

We pause for station identification . . .

"What fools these mortals be—"

Puck—Thompson & Watson.

spirit and his vigorous leadership in this movement, Brevard and the surrounding section would not be enjoying the prosperity which has come to this section as a result of these industries locating at Pisgah Forest.

We are happy to know that Doug is rapidly recuperating in a Raleigh hospital and that he intends to return to Brevard as soon as the doctor will turn him loose. We are glad that we do not have to say "good-bye, Doug," but just, "so long."

MEET THE TIME

The Time Clock

There are many tinsp in our mill. We're pre imagine that they can g hear and talk. It mand clock from your depm that will begin to tellu his stories in this coluly

Every worker in hi ment looks him straigh face every day and he many of them come al

And the time clo about everything that around him too—got t and bad.

He has hung there wall for a long while had plenty of time to plenty of thinking.

All this has made n clock a wise bird. Ht g stands people—he's practical and sympath up-to-the-minute.

It sounds funny, but ple who "punch" him friends!

Among other thing "punch" which he shoots a thrill thro wheels because he ag that one of his pals ha ed for duty safely or completed a part of a day.

When the time car move "In" and "Out" should, the time clo hears why.

Watch the Echo for by the Time Clock—

Poem of the Month

The writers of "Shives" Those authors renom Both sat in the Grill But their minds wen aground.

The January issue Of this famous she Was due in the morn Still it wasn't com

They twiddled their And gazed in the ai But their overdue po

Just was not there. They tried drinking r But to no avail.

Their minds stayed Oh, Ain't it hail?

The gods of their tho With their brains not flirt

Simply because Their minds weren (ED. NOTE: Dear R

regret to say This issue of "Shi hit the hay

Because, try as they No poem could the No poem, no "Shives,"