

## Phantom Friendships

It rained, oh how it rained that cold grey Sunday afternoon. Little bits of snow still clung helplessly to the hillsides as the battering drops strove to beat loose their hold. And I . . . I was there with much time to spend. I went to the basement and pulled out an old box, cold and musty with the winter's dampness. I knew I would find things there that would bring back memories, but I did not realize until now, much later, just how many memories.

There I found cards and letters—more than I thought, accumulated through the years . . . yet mellowed by thoughts within themselves, and saddened by hopeless dreams. I had made myself think all my friends of past years were still with me, but upon opening those folded papers I was faced with the fact that I had said a last good bye to many I held dear. There was a greeting card from Mabel—a friendly hello from Dennis. They no longer write or say hello. There were pages upon pages of confession from half a continent away . . . excuses for not writing sooner . . . wishes that Fate were not so cruel to the tender ties of friendship. Then there were just notes from casual acquaintances who wished only to be remembered. They are remembered—well. Perhaps they, too, are gone . . . but they still are with me . . . and will be as long as I keep those few lines they chanced to write, those few lines which have locked many friends safely in my memory. Among those yellowing pages I found words of good cheer and happy thoughts . . . but there too, I found troubles—Friends, who had dared to ask me what to do in many cases where the problems were bigger than I myself. I rest now in hopes that the answers I gave were the right ones. I trust I helped in my small way toward unraveling those tangled threads.

As I read on, going farther back into the past, deeper into the shadows of misfortune, more away from this realworld, Spirits seemed to gather around me and talk. Yes—those who are gone lived and died, as all human beings must. Each lived his life in his own moon . . . shared his own glories, trials and troubles with his fellow workers who likewise lived in their moons . . . yet too shared. I have had the pleasure of knowing so many who lived and died and yet live on forever in someone's heart.

Slowly, as the shadows of early winter evening crept around, they seemed to crowd out phantoms I had set free from that box of relics, and old letters. I came back to life, reluctantly bade a second farewell and replaced my letters. As I walked down the basement stairs to tuck my souvenirs away, I felt as though I were entering a mystic vault of yesteryears. It seemed so cold and drear to leave my friends there but I had to. There was no other place for my treasured box of keepsakes . . . but I'll keep their spirits warm, for their memories will forever live in the concealed chambers of my heart.

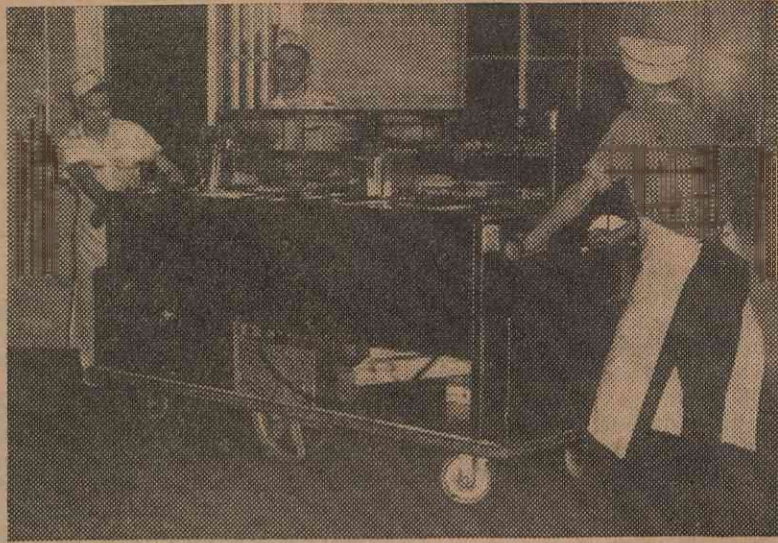
Perhaps—someday, somewhere in the future, someone will take my phantom from an envelope and spend a while with me. If ever such should be, I pray it shall be a pleasant visit of happiness and sunshine . . . with the warmth of life and the beauty of a friendship whose memory knows not the cold grey walls of the Dungeon of Forgotten Friends.

Mary Rickman.

## Refining "C" Chips

Best wishes to "Speedy" Jones who was recently married. We wish for him and his bride a long, happy and prosperous life . . . Lloyd McGaga, man of the hour! He is the proud father of twin boys. . . Bob Leathers is offering a fat reward for a pair of old model overshoes. He lost his in the locker inspection. . .

## ECUSTA FOOD CONVEYOR



Employees who have been unable to take advantage of the cafeteria facilities find the new food conveyor not only a convenience but a definite improvement over cold sandwiches and pop.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR BLACKOUT

(Continued from page 3)

DEPARTMENT	LOCATION
Main Office	In Personnel Office.
Cafeteria	In the Canteen.
Storehouse	On window next to phone.
Propane Gas House	Inside on west wall.
Filter Plant	Inside of front door upstairs.
Filter Plant	Near spiral stairway downstairs.
Canal Pumphouse	Just inside of front door.
Reservoir Pumphouse	Just inside of front door.
Caustic Storage House	On west wall on the inside.
Boiler Room	Over water fountain upstairs.
Pilot Plant	At main light switch (1st floor).
Pilot Plant	At bottom of steps (2nd floor).
Pilot Plant	At top of steps (3rd floor).
Turbine Room	On column at bottom of steps (1st floor).
Turbine Room	On north wall at top of steps (2nd floor).
Electric Shop	At phone on west wall.
Machine Shop	At phone downstairs on west wall.
Champagne Printing	On west wall near phone.
Champagne Gumming	On south wall over First Aid Kit.
Champagne Hallway	At rear of Champagne Office.
First Aid Station	On bulletin board.
Finishing Room	On steel column outside office.
Chemical Laboratory	Over phone in office.
Physical Laboratory	On bulletin board.
Mill Office	On south wall.
Rewinders	On east wall near desk.
Machine Room	On scale tables between machines.
Refiner Room	Over suggestion box (basement).
Refiner Room	On south wall just outside of office.
Bleach	On north wall upstairs.
Bleach	On south wall at top of stairs (upstairs).
Bleach	At foot of steps to Pulp Mill Office.
Pulp Mill Office	On wall over First Aid Kit.
Digesting	On north wall over desk (upstairs).
Digesting	At top of stairs side of No. 2 elevator.
Digesting	At phone back of No. 2 elevator (downstairs).
Predigesting	On south wall upstairs.
Predigesting	On south wall downstairs.
Predigesting	On south wall of No. 1 elevator (downstairs).

e. Quite a few of our employees attended the Civilian Defense Training Classes held at Brevard College recently and at the present time, weekly classes are being held here at the plant for training more men in First Aid Fire Fighting. Rescue Squads to be used in case of an emergency, will be selected from the men now taking this advanced training. These classes have been arranged by Mr. Finck and are being conducted by Mr. H. P. Jarvis of the Asheville Fire Department and Mr. W. L. Harrison of Champagne.

f. Those in charge of the different services under our program here at Ecusta Paper Corporation, are as follows: Air Raid Warden, R. F. Bennett; Fire Services, H. F. Finck; Police Services, F. L. McCall; Health Services, Dr. C. L. Newland; Maintenance Services, A. K. Pooser.

Let's all remember that **IT CAN HAPPEN HERE** and that being prepared in case of an emergency will mean that half the battle is won.

### DID YOU KNOW THAT?

In 1918 an infantry division had equipment that amounted to 3,300 horsepower. Today an armored division has 400,000 horsepower, which is estimated to be as much as a city the size of San Francisco has available.

It takes 30,000 pounds of rag-content bonds to make enough blue-print paper for one battleship.

Ten thousand tons of paper will be needed this year for ammunition containers alone.

U. S. heavy bombers can carry 8,000 pounds of bombs 3000 miles, cruise around and drop them, and then return to their bases.

### CAN'T

The word can't, meaning to be unable, is used many times a day. How often do you hear a person say, "I can't do this or that?" Why use this word when there are so many good substitutes? Surely what others are able to do, you can do also. Maybe we can't do it quite so well as some but there is a saying which goes, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." You and I and those with whom we come in contact would find life far more adventurous and a good deal more satisfying if for the well-worn "I can't", we learn to say "I'll try".

## Gumming Gab

The draft is still caling out some of our old hands. Harold Misenheimer has gone since the last issue of the Echo, and he says he's out to make the paratroops. Good luck, boy!

G. Oliver Taylor (the ladies man of the department?) is slated to leave here March 11 for the Army. Here's hoping he can bag the Japs better than the ladies!

Locker Rumors: Everyone just sit back and relax! The Japs and her allies don't have a chance. The war was covered on all points of the globe, and you can take it from me. The Graveyard boys—using mere locker room strategy—have bombarded, captured and sunk all that the axis powers have on land and sea! "What a battle"!

Vernon Reese is asking for donations from the boys to pay his income tax! (A total of 13c).

James Reese bought himself a silent dog whistle so as not to disturb his neighbors; it failed to "disturb" his dog also! How about it Beef?

Mr. Howard Page is now a "cutter operator" for Champagne Paper Corporation. . . . Wonder when Pete Dockens is going to turn professional in this game called basketball? We hear that he and Roy Whitaker substitute for a high class team over in Asheville. . . . Wonder who is going to get the first date with Sallie Jackson? Could it be John Reid or Charlie Clayton?

We wonder if Sid Hedden will be an orchestra leader? We hear he has met Jimmy Dorsey's daughter. Their first hit was "Tuxedo Junction"! . . . Is Willie Gash really serious about a certain blonde? How about it Agnes? . . . Why doesn't "Grissom" start spring training? (Brother Dodger Holdout) Why the boost Grissom?

Why does Oliver Taylor go to see Mary Louise Jones so much? She says that it's to talk about her sister. . . . but! . . . Robert Whitaker is still looking at real estate. Wait until after the war, Bob, and things will be cheaper! . . . V. Reese seems to have blondes on his mind. She talks about him a good bit too! . . . "Boogin" Davis says he is too small to stand up and shoot a Gerand rifle. . . . Tony has gone intellectual on us! He's studying Algebraic equations. . . . Seems Charlie Clayton has found a "Million Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store"! . . . One thing about "Buckshot" Merrill, he never runs out of words.

## Snowbound Blanche

"After making the trip to Asheville through the snow Monday night, I felt like a pioneer woman, but I wouldn't have missed it for a set of new automobile tires. For awhile we thought we were going to be marooned but even that looked interesting. (For details on this subject, see "Baby Snooks").

Margaret Thompson was quite the popular one. She was the only possessor of food—all of ten chocolate covered mints and there were 15 people on the bus. I wondered how Leon Henderson would have rationed them, but to play safe, I followed Marguerite like Mary's Little Lamb.

Other than Bob Peckham taking a nose dive down a bank when chasing his hat, there were no casualties. Dave Marder though may have a bruised arm where I grabbed him when we started sliding the first time. How 'bout it Dave? I forgot to ask you.

Being snowbound, we were unable to report for work Tuesday, but it is just another example of "Southern Hospitality"—even the weather in the "Sunny South" goes to extremes to make the New Yorkers feel at home."

Blanche Patterson.