

THE ECHO

Organ of Employees at
Ecusta Paper Corporation
Champagne Paper Corporation
and Endless Belt Company

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Our
Book Corner

Ecustans are becoming more book conscious every day and the last week has really played havoc with our shelves, leaving gaps like missing front teeth. But that's the way we like it for it's an indication that the library is making its way into more and more Ecusta homes. We have answered many employee requests through our recent order for new books and for the benefit of those who failed to find that particular Zane Grey Western last week, we take this opportunity to tell you that we gave up trying to pacify with substitutes. We simply ordered his complete works.

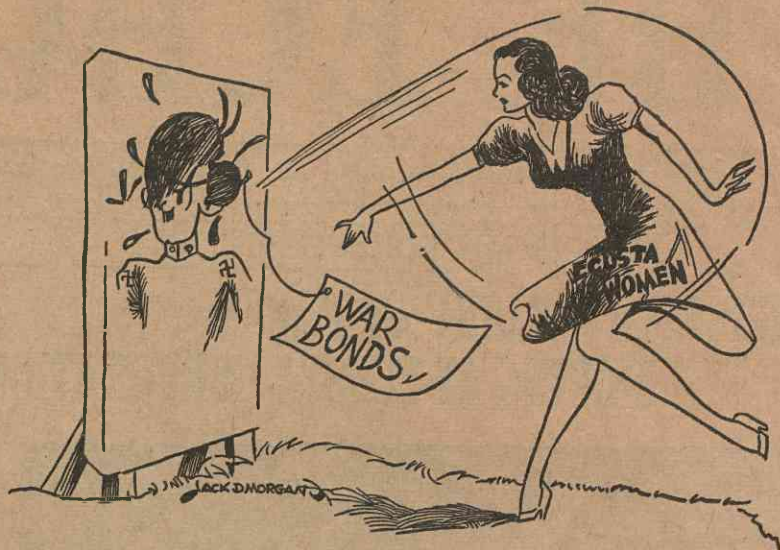
We spent some time in the TT building last week, setting up the Technical Library. Working with Chemical Abstracts at about 20 lbs. per volume is all right I guess, but not nearly so interesting as Walpole's "Judith Paris", Kiplinger's "Washington Is Like That", and "Drivin' Woman" by Chevalier. But we did enjoy the finished product even though shelf after shelf of nothing but technical books is a wee bit terrifying.

We are now working on a new book list which will include our complete library stock. These lists are for your use in making selections and learning to know what the library has to offer. Ask for a list the next time you visit us.

SOMETHING AHEAD

When I was out upon the sea
A very hard duty they gave to me.
As a true American I did not shirk
But put my heart into my work.
Our ships we sailed from shore to shore
And home we thought we'd see no more.
But we kept right on from day to day
Thinking of loved ones far away.
We knew they were with us heart and soul
urging us onward toward our goal,
As we were fighting upon the sea
To keep American ever free.
But on that day when skies looked grey
We heard our honored Captain say,
"It's over, boys, a job well done,
Our people are free for our battle is won.
So we kept "Old Glory" flying high.
For this we lived and were willing to die.
And now the free people all over the world
Are happy once more with their flags unfurled.

—Edna Bell.



In Silence

Why fret you at your work because
The deaf world does not hear and praise?
Were it so bad, O! workman true,
To work in silence all your days?

I hear the traffic in the street,
But not the white worlds o'er the town;
I heard the gun at sunset roar,
I did not hear the sun go down.

Are work and workmen greater when
The trumpet blows their fame abroad?
Nowhere on earth is found the man
Who works as silently as God.

—Samuel V. Cole.

LETTERS HOME:

June 21, 1942

Dear Mr. Straus:

Thank you so much for your recent letter. Mrs. Bolt and I enjoyed it very much.

I regret very much not being able to see you on my recent visit to Ecusta. I had looked forward to visiting with you. I didn't get to see as many of my friends as I had planned to see, since the majority of the time was spent with McCann.

I am very satisfied with the work he is doing. I was never in doubt as to whether he could do the work or not, but he has exceeded my expectations. I am very pleased that he has been able to carry on the landscape work with the vegetables and Mr. Vannah's work. The vegetable garden had been discussed by Mr. Boyd and myself for some time before I left. I'm glad to see it progressing so well.

I like my new post very much. The work is new to a certain extent but we're progressing rapidly. Our organization is new and as yet we haven't reached full strength but we expect to in the near future. At present, each officer is doing the work of several.

We have a very lovely apartment in a small town about the size of Brevard. The people are friendly and do their utmost to help the Army families get settled. However, I don't believe anything can equal Western North Carolina. We're looking forward to the day when we can return.

My official address is:

48th Armored Infantry
Camp Polk, La.

My residence address is:

421 N. Pine Street
De Ridder, La.

I would appreciate hearing from Ecusta as often as possible. Please extend my regards to your staff.

Sincerely,
ROBERT R. BOLT

Dear Gang:

July 23, 1942

I am sitting in my room, about to burn up since it's so hot here, wishing I could be in Brevard with you. I miss the cool nights so very much. How's about canning some cool, refreshing air and sending it up to me?

We are working and studying very hard. I have very little time for myself now, even less than before.

I would like to hear from the gang. How about a letter from the bunch?

Oh! Best wishes, Dot. He's a lucky fellow, very lucky.

Lita, do you still have that red dress I liked? You'll have to wear it for me sometime.

Tootsie, I'm gonna write soon, honest.

Blanche, I wish I had you here to give you all the dirty work I don't want to do like I did once. Remember?

Audrey, how is everything? That competition is now in Texas!

Charlie, I don't feel so strong today. Can't figure it out. Perhaps I need to be confronted with a pile of invoices. Do you have a few to spare? They tell me that Mildred's voice is improving. She can be heard "plumb" to Spartanburg now! Don't know for a fact but that's what they tell me. Also that Kathryn's heart throb is the same, or is it? See, I haven't heard anything, so I'm expecting a nice newsy letter soon.

I know now what Mr. Huskamp went through as an Army sergeant. Golly! It's not a cinch.

I have my own room now, so I can have the light on until 11:00 instead of 9:15. It's much nicer too.

Well, I have a lecture to give now, so I guess I'd better run along.

So long,
BOLLIN (MILLNER)

P.S.: My address:
Sgt. Bollin M. Millner
Co. B, 1st Q.M. Bn. (Dem.)
The Q. M. School
Camp Lee, Va.



UNDUE HASTE IS DANGEROUS

On numerous occasions recently I have witnessed many near accidents that were due directly to undue haste.

One thing especially noticeable is the employees running to the Cafeteria at meal time. The First Aid station reports that numerous injuries to hands and knees have resulted from this unsafe practice, during the past few weeks. The odd thing about it is that no employee has been hurt while returning to work from the Cafeteria. There does not seem to be any great rush in the latter.

Undue haste has been the direct cause of many accidents during the past year and these type injuries are inexcusable.

The age-old saying that haste makes waste has really been proven in our plant on several occasions and the person who gets hurt is always the loser.

You may save 5 minutes during a week by undue haste and yet, you may be off from work for 5 weeks with an injury caused by haste. Since the odds are so great against you, why take a chance?

Shift 'B' Refining Room

Someone asked me the other day why "B" Shift wasn't coming through with its Echo gossip. It's just like I told him. I'm just a poor country boy and don't get around much, and all I know is what little I hear somebody else say.

I did go to the farewell supper we gave the three boys that are leaving us pretty soon to join Uncle Sam. "Shorty" McClung, Roy Fisher, and Debois Edmundson. We all had a grand time even if it did rain all night. We had plenty of good string music and games. You could hardly stop once you got started. There was enough fried chicken for a whole army, but it didn't last long after Mr. Bennett and Mr. Jones got started. The best part was when the boys came out in their bathing suits. Boy, Oh, Boy, what figures! Paul Beddingfield had them all beat for a frame and I do mean frame! The "Thin Man" would run and hide if he could see Paul in a bathing suit.

The other day two boys bought a quart of Scotch and drank it. In a very short while one of the boys was in a pretty bad fix. The other boy staggered up to the Doctor's office and told him to come down and see what he could do for his friend. The Doctor asked him if his friend had been drinking pretty heavy. The boy said, "Yes, I am afraid he is going blind." The Doctor asked, "Is he seeing pink elephants?" The boy answered, "That's just it—they are all out there, but he can't see them."

A recruit wrote to a friend the other day telling him some of his experiences since joining Uncle Sam.

Quote—"We sailed from New York for some unknown destination. The first day out we had lifeboat drill. We lowered the boats and got in. We were all recruits. We rowed out about 15 feet from the ship and the lifeboat capsized. We managed to swim to the ship and climb aboard. One big fellow yelled "Fall in!" I told him we fell in. He looked at me like he wanted to eat me and said, "Young man, Stand up!" I told him I was standing up, but those clothes they gave me made me look like I was sitting down. (They only have two sizes—too large and too small). Well, after so many days we landed and it wasn't long until they had me digging ditches. Pretty soon a big guy came along all dressed up with shiny

Continued on Page 3