

## A Dream Of Spring

On St. Patrick's Day, after I had completed seven nights of "graveyard," I dropped off to sleep to the sound of wind and rain. I had a very pleasant dream.

As I tried vainly to put all my lost sleep into a few short hours, I was carried back to the days when I, as a boy, roamed the Western North Carolina hills, enjoying the feel of warm sunshine and aware of the birth of new life around me as springtime at last enveloped the dull, dreary days of winter. I watched the farmers turning over the rich black earth as they plowed their fields while overhead puffy white clouds floated across blue sky and everywhere leaves were beginning to show a yellowish green as if they were afraid that after all it might not be safe as yet to don their gayest hues. Under evergreen shrubs, tiny trailing arbutus blossoms were peeking out. Here and there violets and wild iris showed their colors while beds of blue forget-me-nots dotted the mossy banks of the small streams. Dogwood blossoms veiled the mountain ridges while the flame azaleas made bright splotches of color along the hillsides.

As I wandered thru the woods the hours sped by and the smoky haze of spring seemed to envelop the hills. My shoes were too warm for comfort and I began to have that lazy, drowsy feeling which the atmosphere of spring always brings. I was seized with the desire to sit on the big rock at the foot of the waterfalls in the nearby stream. I slipped across the pasture to the barn where I kept my fishing pole, hastily dug some bait and eased back to my favorite pool. Just as I dropped my hook into the water I was startled by voices calling, "Daddy, daddy, why don't you wake up?" There in the dim shadows by my bedside stood my son and daughter who had been trying to arouse me from my slumbers.

When I was awakened to the realization that I had only been dreaming, I was comforted by the fact that I was living once again in the mountains of Western North Carolina, where within a short time, I could enjoy in reality all the beauties of spring about which I had just been dreaming.

EUGENE KING.

## Women's Bowling League Standings

We think that someone lost a bet on the outcome of the Office vs Amateurs bowling match of March 11th. The plucky Office team, weary of weekly ribbings for failure to damage that all time record held by the Champagne Amateurs, did the seemingly impossible and took a game, the first, the one and only lost by this team during the whole season. Credit is due Sarah Jackson and Louise Morris for their scores of 109 and 100, respectively, which turned the tide in favor of the Office. The Amateurs, only facetiously named, are still Champions in our eyes and having lost but one game during the season, still hold a record that no team in the annals of the Women's Duck Pin League can claim.

Standings to date:

	WINS	LOSSES
Amateurs	47	1
Office	33	15
Endless Belt	25	23
Champs	17	31
Finishing	15	30
Lab-Inspection	4	41

The Lab-Inspection and Finishing Teams have yet to play off their match of Feb. 11th which was cancelled.

Little Billy had just been told that an angel had brought him a little sister.

"Would you like to see her?" asked the doctor.

"No," said Billy, "but I'd like to have a look at the angel."—Dublin Evening Mail.

## Springtime In The Blue Ridge Mountains



Here's adequate proof of the fact that spring has come! Although snow fell on March 21, the first official day of spring, many beautiful blossoms like those above, can now be seen in the vicinity of Ecusta and the towering, majestic Pisgah National Forest.

## Pulp Mill Shift "A"

Well, Spring is here and everyone is talking of fishing and gardening. More fishing than gardening but we will probably have another winter with snow to plow and plenty time to get our fishing lines rigged up.—Hated to see Skipper Holt leave us but am glad he got an operator's job on "C" Shift. Good luck Skipper.—We all wish Fritz Merrill a speedy recovery from his operation March 16—Harry Laughter writes that Australia is the nearest thing to the good old U. S. A. that he has found since he left. He also says it is drier than W. N. C.—Whit doesn't seem to have much luck with his fishing rods. He almost smoked himself to death to get enough coupons to get a pole and when it got here it was broken—Johnnie Jackson plans to spend his vacation hunting for a jug he hid twenty years ago. Don't forget us when you find it — Jerry Moore has headed to "The Call of The Wild" and is now located in Bohanie as boss lumberjack — The locker-room is a pretty lively place at shift changing time with Blondie Wilson and Martin Landreth making music and D. C. Landreth and Fleenor helping with the vocals—All of us except Carl Crawford thought it was pretty cold when the thermometer got down around zero but he never did put on a coat—Tom Couch has returned to work after spending his vacation getting things straightened out for another year—George Chastain wants his vacation in hunting season so he can get enough meat to last for the duration—Jim Dalton is having a hard time explaining to McGaha what the Draft Board considers as a farm unit—Gordon Leslie is recovering from a recent attack of "draftitus" Be careful, Gordon, you may have a relapse—Clarence Pressley says that meat rationing won't worry him since the fifty rabbits he canned last year are still in good shape—It sure looks bad for the fish with Red Chapman, John Fisher, Garland Whitmire and Medford Chapman taking off at the same time—Wonder if Harry Morgan is rigged-up to fight the Spring forest fires this year—C. Netherton is glad to be back downstairs again so he can keep up with the news through Hardy Kilpatrick—Carl Caldwell can't make up his mind whether he will shoulder a rifle or a hoe this summer—Garland Teague is getting his garden in good shape so his boys will have an easy time tending it—Shift "A" is well represented in the West. Harold Fouts is with the Army in Portland, Ore., Clint Morris is in the Marines at San Francisco and David Blackwell is in an Army camp in Wyoming. Good luck, fellows.

## GARDEN FORESIGHT

(Continued From Page 4)

of their planting program. An indifferent will treat as of no consequence garden factors which to the right kind of gardener are of importance. Many of these factors are community habits which have been established over a period of time, some of them are Experiment Station procedures which have been developed through studious research, others of them are common sense factors which are so apparent to skilled gardeners that many a person thinks that they are so simple that they may be ignored by many. This year's victory gardener has many things to do by habit, to learn from other people's experiences and to perform because he is not neglecting important things. The victory gardener can well afford to talk with his neighbor, consult his County Agent and to keep himself open to facts.

In illustration of the above, a few references are made respectively to peas, potatoes, cabbage and onions.

Plan to plant not more than a pound of peas per 100 foot of row, not only to make good use of the land area, but also to make the best use of the individual plant. A pound of peas will yield a bushel of peas in the pod if they are planted at the above rate. A pound in a 100 foot row will appear rather thick if planted in a drilled narrow band. Instead they should be planted in a band 4 to 5 inches wide and seed distributed so they will be about 1 inch apart. Peas need support and will support themselves in case of varieties up to 24" tall if they are planted in a wide band. Peas need cool roots which shade helps to furnish. Commercial and home growers often plant two adjacent but narrow bands in order to accomplish the above benefits. The ground surface with which the peas are covered should be 2" below the general soil level. The roots must be down deep. Cultivation later of the crop fills in this groove and leaves the ground surface in a level condition so that the row does

## BAND NOTES

While the paymaster distributed your checks on pay-day, Friday, March 5th, our bandmaster directed the band in the first of a series of concerts to be given for the benefit of all Ecustans. It was the first time, for some of you, to hear the Ecusta Band. Remember, the Ecusta Band is your band and was organized with the purpose of providing musical opportunities for everyone in the plant. We hope everyone will be able to hear our next concert scheduled on Friday, April 16th. Providing there are no April showers, we will set up our band paraphernalia on the lawn outside the cafeteria and serenade you from this vernal vantage point. Then we'll all be "in clover!"

Most everyone seems to get a kick out of going to town on Saturday night, and we've decided to try it too. Won't you bring your family and friends down to the Brevard High school auditorium at 8 o'clock, Saturday, April 10th, and we'll endeavor to provide you with an evening of musical entertainment. If you're looking forward to this only half as much as we are, we'll be seeing you!

The band celebrated its First Anniversary in February, you recall. The next step to be taken in expanding the musical activities of Ecusta is to form an orchestra, and that is exactly what Director John Eversman has in mind. New stringed instruments, including violins, violas, cellos, and stringed bass, are now on their way and expected to arrive anytime. So here is another wonderful opportunity for you music lovers to take an active part. Just contact John Eversman, and he will be glad to give you any information you want in regard to playing or learning to play an instrument. The band has received several new instruments too, so we are expectantly awaiting new recruits. And what could be a better season to start than Spring!

## Employee Concert April 16th

The second of a series of band concerts planned for Ecusta employees will take place on Friday afternoon, April 16th. The last concert was played in the cafeteria and allowed only a brief listening period for employees who stopped just long enough to get their pay envelopes. It is hoped that weather conditions will allow this second concert to be played on the lawn by the cafeteria where employees coming to and from work may enjoy the music for a longer period of time.

## NOBODY HOME

CAMP MATRON—Private Bjorn was injured accidentally during maneuvers and only relatives are allowed to see him today. Are you a member of his family?

Girl Friend—Why—er—yes! I'm his sister.

Camp Matron—Oh, really? I'm glad to meet you. I'm his mother."—Pathfinder.

"The most interesting things in life," once observed Alexander Woollcott, "are either immoral, illegal or too fattening."

not throw off rainfall into the middle where it is less useful. Peas planted 2" below the covered surface and later thus covered have the roots 4" below the surface which is where they should be.

Potatoes are a national farm crop. There are all kinds of factors affecting the production of high yield and high quality table potatoes. The many diseases of the potato plant are things which the Experiment Stations have taken as a challenge to themselves. Their information is available and it is splendid. Their injunction is, — plant only certified seed of a proper variety such as Bliss Triumph, Cobblers and Green (Continued On Page 10)