

NOTICE

It is the sincere wish of the Cafeteria management to give each and all of you the very best possible service. To do this we need your cooperation. Drop any suggestions you may have in the boxes or come to the manager in person with your proposals. We assure you that every suggestion will receive the fullest consideration.

Knives, forks, spoons as well as other serving equipment, have be-

come almost impossible to procure. We understand that throughout the various plants are scattered odd pieces of equipment essential to the continued operation of the Cafeteria, Canteen and Lunch Wagon. Will each of you kindly return to some Cafeteria employee any of this equipment you may know of? We will appreciate your cooperation in this regard.

—The Cafeteria.

True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.

TRIBUTE TO HARRY H. STRAUS

It was Columbus you know, in '92,
It was H. H. Straus about nineteen two.
They both arrived with the same purpose in mind.
A new world to live in perhaps a future to find.
It wasn't all easy for one from abroad,
But with a will to win and the help of the Lord,
H. H. "hit the road" hand in hand with his Maker
And so there was born U. S. Cigarette paper.
There was nothing too hard that would make him balk,
Not even the Company that supplied the cork,
For the millions of cigarettes that had to be tipped,
His first job, you know, on this long hard trip.
A salesman's job he attained a bit later
But we were not sure of what kind of paper.
There is wrapping and wax and photo too,
There is newspaper, tissue and carbon that's blue.
Then there is filter, writing, blotting and fly
And many more that the public would buy.
But on none of these had his mind been set
For he pegged his goal on that small cigarette.
It was a heartbreaking job right off from the start
With problems and troubles to break most men's hearts.
For it had to be thinner than diameters of hair
But elastic and strong the machine to bear.
At two and a quarter by one and a half
It's a small piece of paper to stand the gaff
Of all the standards that had to be set
To insure the public of a fine cigarette.
Eight pounds it must hold and fold without tearing
Not stick to the lips and even in wearing.
Pure white is essential, tasteless and opaque
For quality is foremost in this paper to make.
There are other standards too numerous to mention
But none overlooked or which missed his attention.
For to do a job right there is only one way,
To strive for perfection—for only perfection will pay
For all the hard labor which preceded his goal
In the years that he worked with his heart and his soul.
The paper from France was made from old rags,
But in U. S. A. it was rags into bags.
Not enough of that item existed here,
So that one problem was the real thing to fear.
A substitute base just had to be found
A product which finally came from the ground,
From the unsuspected fibre flax straw
Came the good Lord's answer which opened the door,
To a brand new industry for our Uncle Sam
And the answer to years of his hard work and plans.
But there was more to this than could meet the eye
For now from the farmer this waste could we buy,
And thus there was hope from this great large band
Of men who lived from the fruits of their land.
But we must not forget the hills of Brevard
The land about Pisgah created by God
For finally in '39 there was to be
The first strip of paper from this new industry.
Now we could go on in technical brief
Of all that it took—joys and grief,
But maybe those things are best unsaid
For it is the glory that lives on, and the rest is dead.
We know from his efforts that many did share
In the work that was found, for those who cared
To hitch their wagon to the grandest "guy"
And to shout his praises till the echo dies.
And so on this his sixtieth, we'll stand up to cheer
For a man pegged his goal to a star and was sure without
a fear,
That failure was never in his book
Nor success without a fight,
And to his fellow workers, friends and family, he gave a
shining light.

By ROGER J. KING.

Band Members Enjoy Anniversary Party



Members of Ecusta's band enjoy a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kerber, in celebration of their second anniversary. Because of the war the band has had its ups and downs with many of its members in the service, but it is still going strong. Needless to say, all attending this party were having a good time.

ECHO'S MUSICAL INTRODUCTIONS

Fred Wallin, who works in Ecusta's Refining room, is one of the Ecusta Band's oldest members. When the band was organized something over two years ago, Fred joined up as a drummer and



FRED WALLIN

played drums with the band for several months. Fred had other ideas about his musical career, however, and became very interested in the trombone. Having decided he would like to play the trombone, Fred immediately began work and soon thereafter was holding down a position as trombonist in the band. He has been playing the old "slip horn" now for something over a year. Fred is a graduate of Marshall high school, having finished there in 1929. For a while he worked in the Marshall post office and when Ecusta began operations here in 1939, Fred came to work. He is a Beaterman in the Refining department. Fred is married, has one child and lives in Brevard.

HAS PETTY OFFICER RATING

David L. Simms, Carpenter's Mate 3-C, writes from a Fleet Post Office: ". . . I have gotten a 3rd. Class Petty Officer's rating, which pleases me very much. I am stationed aboard ship now for a while, and I think I am going to like it fine. Both I and the rest of the boys in my battery enjoy reading the Echo very much. I usually read the letters that the boys have written you first—it's just like getting a letter from them . . ."

BAND NOTES

Well, the Band has passed its two-year mark. Two years ago on February 2nd, the band held its first meeting. On Saturday night, Feb. 12, most of the members gathered at President Frank Kerber's house for an anniversary party celebrating the two-year mark. A buffet supper was served during the evening and dancing was enjoyed by all.

We had another concert this month, too, when we played for the big Bond Rally held at the Brevard high school.

At our last rehearsal we had our annual election of officers and the following members were elected: Goode Loftis, president; James Reese, vice-president; Thelma Greene, sec'y-treas. and Sue Allen and Gladys McKinney were elected as members of the band executive committee.

We are missing three of our band members, Mary Glass, our pianist who was in a bus accident last month and was seriously injured. She is still in Mission hospital and we are hoping soon that she will be back with us. Hurry and get well, Mary, we miss you. Ginney Wood, one of our drummers, also has been on the sick list having had an operation a couple of weeks ago. We see he is back, at work again, so Ginney, we'll be expecting you at band rehearsal next time. Well, Gus has left us. He left last week for the Navy. Good luck Gus, we'll be missing you, so hurry back.

Why Save Paper?

(From "The Log" published by the Champion Paper and Fibre company.)

From the day a soldier goes to war, he is dependent on paper. From his draft card to his honorable discharge, his records are kept on it.

His rations are packed in it; his cartridges are wrapped in it; his shoes are lined with it; his letters are written on it.

His barracks are built with paper wallboard, paper roofing, paper insulation.

He shoots at paper targets, eats from paper plates, drink from paper cups.

Literally, he lives, trains, travels and fights, with paper his indispensable ally.

And, of course, his "honorable discharge" will be handed to him on a piece of paper—after a beater Axis has signed the peace terms—on paper!