

# GOOLSBY CLEANING

(BY JOHN GOOLSBY)

Well, good people, here we are, well into the spring of 1945, and many things have happened that make our hearts rejoice. One of them is the knowledge that our armies are sweeping relentlessly forward on all battle fronts to a glorious peace. It is with special pride that we reflect on the young men and women of Ecusta as well as the rest of the nation, who help constitute the military might of America, and whose valor and unflinching devotion are making this peace seem closer day by day. And yet we do not forget to pause silently in honor of our sons who have made the supreme sacrifice.

Again we stop and think of our Ecusta boys and the rest of fellow Americans fighting on foreign soil, undergoing untold privations of all kinds, defending our homes and our country, unto death, if need be.

Let this be our prayer: May the Great Shepherd send his guardian angel to minister unto you, protect you, and send you back to your homes, with peace and happiness in all hearts.

Recently I got a letter from a friend of ours, a sailor now in the Pacific. This is about the way it went:

"A sailor is a guy who is worked too hard, gets too little sleep, takes abuses that no civilian could take, does every imaginable job at every hour of the night, never seems to get paid, never knows where he is going, can seldom tell you where he has been, accepts the worst with complete resignation. And last but not least, he kinda likes it; you know why? When you are sort of tired and have been up since 4 A. M., working like H. all day, and about to hit the sack, a voice shouts over the loud-speaker, 'O. K., turn to work detail!' Then you unload a ship's cargo of perishable, refrigerated food; you are ready to die at 2 A. M., but the job must be finished before dawn; soon you don't care whether you live or die, and suddenly you are a sailor. It is over and you did it and you think of all the civilians you know, and wonder how they would act in similar case, and you begin to grin; you grin because you are not scared of anything and you realize that there is nothing that you cannot face."

I wonder if any of us give this a thought when asked to do something extra to help out the war effort; this is just one branch of the service; the other ones are doing just as much or more. This causes us to think a little, doesn't it?

(The above is an excerpt from an authentic letter.)

The following poem will probably fit in here

"She is an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,  
A woman is the greatest of all contradiction.  
She's afraid of a roach, she will scream at a mouse,  
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.  
She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse,  
Put a lump on his head, and then be his nurse.  
And when he is well and can

## Fine Paper Findings

By EILEEN NELSON

In our first contribution to the Echo, we invite you to come with us on a trip through the Fine Paper Dept. to get acquainted.

We'll start at the Lay Boy, where you'll find Jimmy Reese and Goode Loftis. Up in front is Josie Clarke pinch-hitting for Frances Patterson while Frances is vacationing in Baltimore. Busy at inspecting are Dot Gray, "Dot" Fulton, Mary Prince, Rachel Hamlin, Edith Wright and Margaret Ponder.

Moving and stacking paper are Logan Lane and Bobby Mitchem. Bobby is filling in since Earle Brock left us to attend Navy Trade school.

Over at the cutter James Henson and Alfred Galloway are trimming reams, while the two packing tables are going full speed. The packers are Mitch Taylor, Evelyn Morrow and Lorena O'Kelley. At the other table Babe Norton, Hester Brooks, Ina Burns and "Dobbin" McCrary are lifting reams. Mary Watson separates trim.

We miss Rosalie Galloway. She is staying at home, now—keeping house for Alfred.

Over in the corner, Roy Crowder and "Red" Galloway are sealing cartons.

And that completes our introduction to the Fine Paper Dept.

We'll be seeing you every month in the Echo. So long, 'till next month.

get out of bed,  
She'll pick up a teapot, and  
throw at his head.'

An elderly man was telling me the other day that he was out for his morning walk and noticed a small boy trying to reach a doorbell, which happened to be about an inch too high for him. Wishing to do his good deed for the day, he walked over and rang the bell for the little fellow. Then he remarked, "Now, my little man, what else can I do for you?" The boy replied, "Run like H—mister that's what I'm going to do."

"Keep watch on your words, my friends,

For words are wonderful things.  
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,

But like bees, they have terrible stings.

They can cut, in strife or anger,  
Like an open, two-edged knife;  
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,

And brighten a lonely life.—  
Keep them back if they're cold or cruel,

Under bar and lock and seal.  
The wounds they make in people

Are always slow to heal.  
God guard your lips, and ever,  
From the time of your early youth

May the words you daily utter  
Be the words of beautiful truth."  
(I think this is worth remembering and practicing by every man, woman and child.)

Let me close with this: You never see or hear of people throwing stones at trees unless they are loaded with fruit.  
So long.

### JUST FOR COMPANY

POP: "And that, my son, is how the first World War was won."

SON: "Pop, why did they need all those other soldiers?"

## WHO'S WHO

—BY STAFF WRITERS—

ERWIN SCHRANZ



ERWIN SCHRANZ, Ecusta's chief draftsman, is a native of Berne, Switzerland, and came to America at the age of 12, accompanied by his mother. His early schooling was in Switzerland, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Clingfield, N. J. He graduated from Stratford high school Bridgeport, Conn. After graduation, he served as toolmaker's apprentice, and for ten years was draftsman for Remington Arms Co. While on vacation in Western North Carolina, Mr. Schranz decided to settle here, beginning to work at Ecusta in 1941. He's now a full fledged member of the Five-Year Club and says Ecusta is the finest firm he's ever been employed by. Mr. Schranz was married to Edna Earle Nanney, Research Lab. employee, on Easter, 1944. Swimming and communing with nature are his favorite pastimes.

JIM RIGDON



JIM RIGDON, quiet and unassuming, is the assistant foreman of Landscape. He's been an employee of Ecusta since October, '41, when he was with Bob Bolt. When Mr. Bolt entered military service in Jan. '42, Jim was appointed to assist Mr. Fred McCann, the new landscape foreman. He gets around, as you might guess, since his duties are planting and caring for flowers, shrubbery and lawns over all the mill grounds. Jim is a graduate of Rosman high school, where he played basketball for four years, being captain for two years; but he was born in Tuck-

DOROTHY JOHNSON



DOROTHY JOHNSON, efficient chemist, came to the Control Laboratory two weeks after her graduation in June 1941 from Woman's College of the University of N. C., Greensboro. Two years later she went to the Analytical Laboratory where she works with science and its mysteries (to us). Although she is a Bostonian by birth, she has lived and gone to school in Greensboro, N. C., living now in Brevard with her mother and younger sister. Dot, who was instrumental in organizing the Business and Professional Women's club in Brevard, is now local president and district director of that club, has always been active in club work. At Woman's College, where she majored in chemistry, she was president of the Chemistry Club, and electrician for the "Play Likers". Her hobby, too, pertains to science—she collects butterflies and moths. Dot admitted her weakness for thriller movies and reading.

aseigee, Jackson county, went to grammar school there and farmed with his father there for three years after his graduation at Rosman. He is a member of Control's baseball team, Ecusta's basketball team and a reporter of the Echo. Jim, Mrs. Rigdon and their three little girls live at Pisgah Forest. There was no hesitation when we asked Jim his hobby—it's fishing!

### Refining Dept. News

By JACK RHODES

The Refining Room was very deeply shocked to learn of the death of Clinton Greene. One of the members of the Five-Year Club, and also of the bowling team, he will be genuinely missed. As a co-worker, he was of the best, willing and eager to help in any way that might benefit an Ecusta product. His friendly smile and greetings, which were characteristic of his very fine nature and likable personality, will always remain with those who knew and liked him at, or away from, work.

We're glad to learn that Mrs. M. J. Lance is recovering rapidly from an operation.

The Refining Dept. extends its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. B. Kilpatrick on the recent loss of their infant daughter.