



## TRAFFIC REAL MILL PROBLEM

**Parking in Driveways Causes Congestion at End of Each Shift; Parking Space Provided**

There is no problem around the mill that so nearly affects all the workers as does the traffic problem. It is an accepted fact that all of us must have some means of getting to and from our work. Many of the employees walk the short distances, and in some cases the longer distances to and from their homes. But the majority of the employees have some means of traveling by auto, either in one of their own, or they ride with someone going their way, or in some cases ride with the local taxi companies.

With this many people riding in cars, there must be some congestion of traffic at the time the shifts change, and several hundred people are going home while another several hundred are coming in to work. At this time there is serious friction between the outgoing and the incoming auto traffic.

Parking in the driveways without due regard to the other fellow's rights constitutes one of the greatest problems in this respect. Cars loading and unloading directly in front of the mill make up for a lot of this congestion. It seems that it is impractical for the employees to walk the short distance from the doors to a suitable parking space, so naturally with a condition like this existing there is bound to be a slowing down of traffic at these points and general tie-up of the movement of people and cars out of the mill area into the roads leading out away from the mill.

Now let's look into the facts a little on this parking in front for passengers, in lieu of using the parking space provided for this purpose. It is exactly 200 feet from the clock at the west end of the weave room, to the extreme end of the new weave room building, in this space there is ample room to park 20 cars, if properly parked. Beginning at the northwest corner of the weave room at the fence line across the road from the end of the mill there is within a distance of 175 feet, parking space for 16 cars. The total distance a man would have to walk to reach the farthest car in this line would be only 475 feet, walking at the rate of about 4 miles per hour this would

## Traffic Snarl



The picture above shows traffic conditions around the Elkin Plant at closing time. This is also true at the Winston Plant. Help to prevent accidents by watching the way you park your car.

require one and one-half minutes, or about the time it takes to tell one short joke, provided you stayed for the second laugh. Now if you were parked at the end of the mill, or between the clock and the end, it would take you at the most about 45 seconds. Now suppose that you were parked on the street south of the main office, say all the way down to the lower end, that would take you all of one minute and 45 seconds to reach your car. On the north side of the weave room there is room for 15 cars from the corner to the first transformer bank; five cars from there to the elevator tower; twelve cars from there to the next transformer bank. Three or four can be parked in the end of the drive area between this building and the wool room. Along the wool room south wall there is room for 22 cars, out to the office.

Now this space is only a little over two minutes away, even if you went all the way around the mill, which you do not have to do, you can come back through,

and out on the north side of the weave room.

On the lower side of the drive, south of the main mill, there is parking space available for the accommodation of 40 cars, between the west drive and the east drive coming up from the street. This space is within a 30 to 45-second walk from the two front clocks.

Down the east drive to the street is room for about 20 cars, parking on one side only and parking "with the road".

On the west drive there is room for at least 30 more cars angle-parked and only one side of the road. This makes room for 184 cars parked comfortably, with the space on the north side of the road in front of the weave room still unoccupied. This space if it must be used for parking will take care of 30 cars, making a total of 214 cars. Allowing a minimum of two persons per car this will take care of 428 people. The

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## FOREMEN ENJOY FISH FRY, JOKES

**Mr. Whatley Cooks Fish While Mr. Neaves Tells Jokes; Everyone Has Grand Time**

Last Thursday night, May 26, saw another grand fish fry get under way, down in the Dye House laboratory. About 75 persons from the shop, power plant, and other departments in the mill took part in the feast. The shop boys, headed by Willie Childress and others, were responsible for the get-up. Mr. Vascoe Whatley, of the electrical maintenance was the master of ceremonies at the griddle as usual. Mr. Whatley knows his cooking and when he pitches them out on the table they are ready to eat forthwith and immediately. And good, too.

The high spot of the evening was the appearance of our general superintendent, Mr. W. Avery Neaves, with an armful of cigars under one wing, and his trusty old cane under the other. There is where the fun began. Mr. Neaves knows all the old jokes and a lot of brand new ones. He was telling us one about the man up in New York that fell in love with his secretary, and a married man at that . . . but you let him tell you about it sometime.

Mr. J. W. L. Benson acted as master of ceremonies at the table. He took it upon himself to see that everybody was well fed, and we have yet some apprehension about the physical welfare of some of his clients, especially the ones that could never seem to get by Mr. Benson's pile of fish without taking at least two or three when offered to them.

The Rev. (Preacher) J. L. Powers says, due to the fact that all the Biblical history does not speak well of the behavior of certain species of the finny tribe, toward the human race, especially the ecclesiastically inclined that have not as yet made a definite and positive assertion as to the particular branch of the work they are to follow, he deemed it wise to not offer himself up in front of these aforesaid finny creatures, so therefore the Rev. brings along a nice juicy "sizzling" steak supper and plunks it right down under our very noses. Still the aroma of the frying fish kinda outrode the steak and the Rev. got by without any serious covetousness on our part.

Others, from the Main Office

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