

THE CAROMOUNT NEWS

Published each month by and for the Employees of the Wilson and Caromount Divisions of Sidney Blumenthal and Co., Inc.

NOVEMBER, 1955

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Send News for the December Issue to personnel Office before December 10th.

Safety Council Meets At Braswell School

The fourth quarterly meeting of the Eastern Carolina Safety Council will be held in Rocky Mount on Friday, December 9, at the James C. Braswell school auditorium. The program begins at 7:30 p. m.

The Eastern Council is one of eight regional councils sponsored by the North Carolina Industrial Commission for the promotion of safety.

Our Company has always actively supported this council and it is hoped that a large number of Caromount and Wilson employees and their families will attend.

The program has not been announced but council president, Russell Lamm, promises a good program well worth attending.

Suit Made Technical Superintendent

W. H. Suit formerly Supervisor of Methods & Standards was appointed Technical Superintendent effective November 15, 1955. Bob Hill, former Methods Engineer, becomes Supervisor of Methods & Standards and Frank Johnson is now responsible for Standards reporting to Bob Hill.

The Technical Division also includes Quality Control with Steve Bennett as Supervisor; Color Laboratory with R. C. Ellis in charge; and Chemical and Physical Testing Laboratory with Tom Howle in charge.

Special Assignment Engineers A. W. Drobile, Charles Lane, and H. H. Taylor will also report to the Technical Superintendent.

Quillen Ward, Supervisor of Manuals will be in the Technical Division upon completion of his present project.

The Rubber Laboratory has been transferred from the Technical Division to the Converting Department, and Bill Nescot and J. B. Corinth, rubber chemists will report to M. H. Thompson.

*Sitting still and wishing
Makes no person great
The good Lord sends the fishing
But you must dig the bait.*

can produce the same fine fabrics that we have in the past.

Devotional Thoughts

Thanksgiving Day is a time of looking backward, first of all. How true it is that the present generation lives by the efforts and achievements of the past generations!

Lo, what we have been given: Church, Nation, School, Hospital, Automobiles, Radio, Telephone, Lights, Medicine. We are inheritors of these things. The Holy Bible, The Prayer Book, the works of Dickens or Shakespeare were written by others. We are thankful that so many of these things we cherish most were here before we were. How true it is: One man soweth and another reapeth.

We need only think of the Pilgrims and their perilous journey across uncharted waters; of their arrival on a hostile soil in the dead of winter; of the time when there were only seven well adults in the whole of the Plymouth colony to nurse the sick and hunt for food; to rejoice in our precious heritage and to be thankful.

But we look back on the past in Thanksgiving only to receive the inspiration for the task that is of the present. It was the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews who wrote, "They without us should not be made perfect." We, who are the inheritors, have a responsibility to future generations. In one of Archibald MacLeish's war poems he has a line about the dead soldiers who seem to say "We give you our lives, give them their meaning." The finest way to express our gratitude is to improve that which we have received.

A man was once watching an old umbrella mender at his work. He noticed with what care he pursued his task. He seemed to be unsatisfied until the work was perfect. The man's curiosity was aroused, and he asked the umbrella mender why he was so conscientious. Was he afraid that the work might be turned back? "No," said the old man; "not one person in a hundred even takes the trouble to see whether the work is well or poorly done." "Then", continued the questioner, "is it because you expect business from the same people in the future?" "No, I never come again to the same town." "Then", asked the man, "what is the explanation? Why are you so conscientious?" And the old man an-

Your Job

Wherever you're working—in office or shop,

And however far you may be from the top—

And though you may think you're just treading the mill,

Don't ever belittle the job that you fill;

For, however little your job may appear,

You're just as important as some little gear

That meshes with others in some big machine,

That helps keep it going—though never is seen.

They could do without you—we'll have to admit—

But business keeps on, when the big fellows quit!

And always remember, my lad, if you can,

The job's more important—oh yes—than the man!

So if it's your hope to stay off the shelf,

Think more of your job than you do of yourself.

Your job is important—don't think it is not—

So try hard to give it the best that you've got!

And don't ever think you're of little account—

Remember, you're part of the total amount.

If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there—

So always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.

A digger of ditches, mechanic, or clerk—

THINK WELL OF YOUR COMPANY, YOURSELF AND YOUR WORK!

—Selected

swered, "It is for those who come after me, perhaps your son or mine. If I put on shoddy cloth or do bad work the people will find it out soon and the next mender who comes along will get the cold shoulder or the bull dog."

Our Thanksgiving is shown in our attempt to pass on to the next generation a stronger Church, a finer nation and a more peaceful world.

Reverend Thomas J. C. Smyth,
Rector
Church of the Good Shepherd
Rocky Mount, North Carolina