At Olin Corporation

Marshall Dawson Named Senior Project Engineer

Marshall W. Dawson, Jr., has joined Olin Corporation's Ecu-sta Paper Division as Senior Project Engineer, according to an announcement by Peter B. Robb, Director of Planning and Engineering. Mr. Dawson will have special project as signments in the raw material procurement area.

He was chief chemist with Alpha Cellulose Corporation until 1969 when he went with Westvaco Corporation as a project engineer in product de-

He is a member of TAPPI and PIMA professional associations of the pulp and pa-



University, he later worked College. He is a native of portunities for Vietnam - era toward a Master's degree in Davenport, Iowa, and served veterans.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTION

with the U.S. Air Force as an air traffic controller.

At his previous home in land. He was president of St. ern Baptist Convention.
Raphael's Society at Westernport.

He and Mrs. Dawson, the go, Ill., are parents of five tember of this year.

ing and upgrading disadvan-taged workers, the U. S. Labor the basic purposes of this plan. Department's JOBS program

HAPPY DOLLA SAYS . . . YOU CAN'T,

AFFORD TO MISS OUR BIG SUMMER

CLEARANCE! WE'RE LOADED WITH

Baptist Association To . Hold Training Mass Meet

meeting at Glady Branch Bap- officers. tist church on Tuesday night July 24th, beginning at 7:30

The Theme for this meeting rector. Westernport, Md., Mr. Dawson will be: "The Church, The Sunwas active in the Rotary Club, day Night Place To Be." This Boy Scouts and the Planning theme will also be the special Commission for Total Christian emphasis for the next 15 Education for Western Mary- months throughout the South-

The Promotional plans will be explained as well as posters displayed. A major thrust is former Joan L. Brown of Chica- suggested for the month of Sep-

To help churches experience a new consciousness about Gene Morris In addition to hiring, train- church training and to increase

A graduate of Illinois State Management at Frostburg State has expanded employment op having a church training pro-

There will be an Associ-sentation present at this meet-ational Church Training Mass ing, especially the leaders and

This announcement comes from Ruel Whitmire, the Associational Church Training Di-

> Rotary **Program** Co-Chairman

July - Tom McCrary and

August - Otis Wheelhouse and Ted Miller

When in need of job printing gram will have a good repre- call The Transylvania Times.

THE "TIMES" PRIZE-WINNING COLUMN

From

ALMAR FARM In Transylvania

BY CAL CARPENTER

In addition to the people, ALMAR Farm has a rare collection of animal "characters" - - for want of a better word.

There's Benji, Emma Lou's African Bassenji dog; Haole, our big, 125-lb. German Shepherd; Stanislouse and Frankie, our pair of Russian wild hogs: Sweetheart, the half-Arabian mare; Rasputin "Rass," the Muscovy drake; Snowflake, the white Durham cow; and, probably the most characteristic "character" of all, our big, battle scarred old tomcat, "Klig," short for Caligula.

Living on the farm these last seven years has taught us that animals have more individual "personality" than we ever realized before. If you get to know them well enough, we've discovered, each one is quite different from the others of his kindeven the chickens we used to have. But, of course, we've noticed more individualism in cats and dogs - probably because they are "house pets" and we're closer to them. It's this way we've come to appreciate the characters of Haole and Klig and decide that Klig is the biggest "character."

Catlike, and unlike a dog, Klig is wholly independent. He obeys nothing but the calls of nature. He shows up at the house and demands to be let in and fed at his convenience. not ours. He demands special food - usually sliced American cheese and bologna - and wants it fed to him a bite at a time after he's hopped up in my lap as I sit on the kitchen stool that Marge uses to reach the higher cabinets.

Sometimes he is affectionate, as he is now, sitting on my knee as I write this. Other times he demands to he let in "Meowrrers" util he's had his favorite feeding, and then stalks to the door with an order for it to be opened. He might come in every morning and evening for a while, to pick at his cat food and milk bowls that are always on a piece of folded newspaper in the kitchen floor and then demand his special feeding; or rear up on my leg as I sit at the table, squinch his sharp claws, and demand part of my breakfast or dinner. Then he might disappear for days or a week and finally return dirty, scratched and cut up, and ready to eat and rest up before another prowl.

Some evenings he might come in to where I'm sitting in my easy chair watching TV and curl up on the chair arm, or stretch out on my chest, his paws on either side of my neck, looking me in the eyes and purring like a buzz saw. Other evenings, after he's had his special feeding, he'll stretch out and lie on the porch near Marge and me while we sit in the porch chairs enjoying the view and the peace and beauty of a summer evening - apparently just likes to be near us.

Haole is with us at these times too, but he's been trained to leave the cat alone. He studiously ignores him, but all the time keeps him in sight out of the corner of his eye. Unfortunately, there's no way to train the cat to leave Haole alone, and Klig, very human like, has learned to take advantage of our portection and bully the big dog.

If Haole has a place Klig wants, the cat will stalk over to him, say "Meowrrr," and poor Haole moves. If I start When you think of prescripto pet and talk to Haole, Klig tions, think of VARNER'S. adv.

will come over, "Meowrrr" once, and poor Haole slinks away. Marge doesn't like this bullying of her favorite pet, and she scolds the cat and calls Haole to her chair. Klig doesn't seem to mind that. I'm his favorite it seems.

This fifteen - pound cat bullying a 125-lb. dog gets ludicrous at times. The other morning Marge opened the back door at 7:00 o'clock to let Haole in so Emma Lou could take Benji for his morning walk, our usual procedure to prevent a dog fight between Haole and Benji since they've never learned to get along together. Klig was waiting outside too, and as usual, there was a race to see who got in first.

Haole was originally ahead, but Klig darted in front of him. Haole stopped, bewildered looking, and the belligerent tomcat reared up on his haunches and slapped both paws, with their murderous claws, on Haole's nose - one on either side. For a split second, the tomcat stood there, face to face with the dog that could bite him in two with one snap. The cat didn't scratch, just held Haole's nose and seemed to be

"Allright, Buddy, now back up. You ain't going in ahead

Haole just stood, stunned. He then let out a shocked "Owwooo" and backed up. Klig stalked through the door as Marge scolded him fer bullying her patient, lovable dog.

And then the other evening let Klig out the front door. He'd had his favorite feeding and I suppose he was in no mood to watch television with

Haole was lying in one of his favorite places, right in front of the door. He stood up as I opened the door for the cat, looking at me. While the dog's attention was diverted, Klig calmly walked behind him, put his head down and bit him gently on the ankle!

Haole jumped like he was shot; and I can understand, for I've had Klig do the same thing to me when I'm fixing breakfast in the morning in my robe and bedroom slippers. He doesn't bite hard - just gently but his teeth are sharp and it's quite a shock when you don't expect it.

I don't really know whether the cat is bullying Haole in all these things or if it is just his way of being affectionate to a traditional enemy with whom a human - enforced peace has been made. And I'm sure Haole doesn't know either. I just hope Haole doesn't revert to character some dark night or some day when Marge and I are not home. I could lose a cat that

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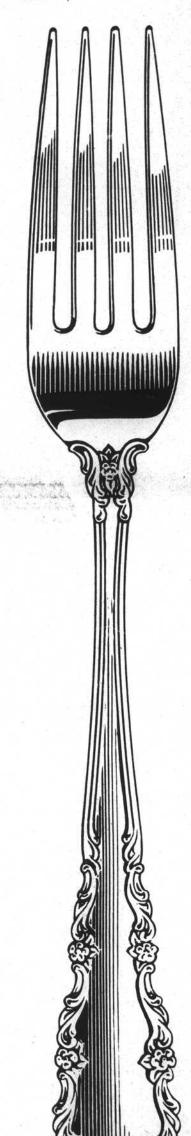
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