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MY MOST INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT

By
Dan Blitch

As Ted Theodorsen has previously pointed out in this column, most of us select as our Most Interesting Assignment the very first installation on which we were largely on our own from beginning to end. Likewise, I have selected the trouser installation at Barrow Manufacturing Company in 1956/57 as my most interesting assignment.

Approximately 125 operators were involved and the scope of the program covered the conversion of three straight lines into a mobile progressive truck unit.

I viewed this assignment as my official "debut" in KSA, for I have jokingly accused KS of "putting me out to pasture" during my initial three years of work. I spent over a year in McRae, then ten months in Hohenwald, Tennessee (hole-in-the-wall), and then really "went to pasture" for eight months in Woodward, Oklahoma. When instructions came to "proceed back into society and civilization", I was ready! After all, Winder, Georgia--the home of Barrow--has a population exceeding 5,000!

On my journey to Winder, I stopped in Atlanta to visit with Jack Ullman and get the "poop" on Barrow. After leisurely discussing background information, etc., and with spirits running high, we then dug into estimated standards. Abruptly, I learned the true meaning of faith and in the months ahead a truism about Jack--he is consistently correct!

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ASSIGNMENT IN FINLAND

By
John Waugh

A - The Country:

Your first reaction to this title might well be the same as mine was--incredulity. The concepts of method improvement, workplace engineering, and scientific management all certainly sounded strangely out-of-place against the sparse background of my own mental picture of Finland--mountainous, Polar, wild, and backward.

In fact, of course, Finland isn't like that at all. My mental image, like the one most of us preserve about the more remote countries of the world, had been graded during schoolboy geography classes, and in the ensuing years had neither progressed with the times nor avoided confusion with Finland's contiguous and better-known neighbors, Russia and Scandinavia. In fact there are no mountains, the climate can indeed be cold but is always healthy, and although the lake-studded forests which form Finland's terrain deserve perhaps the epithet wild instead of picturesque, the people are anything but backward.

Geologically, Finland owes its present appearance to the advancing glaciers of the Second Ice Age, which scraped the shallow valleys and hills bare of soil and stones and deposited this detritus in a ridge running East and West across the southern half of the country. As the glaciers retreated northward, they left in their wake an undulating countryside of clear-bottomed lakes, 6,000 in all, surrounding low hills whose barrenness and climate ideally suited them for the

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Armed with my estimated rates and a stack of manuals, we arrived in the "big city" of Winder the next morning. I was first introduced to Bill Jennings, the President and owner of Barrow. The three of us sat down in his office for a chat. After carefully looking me over, Bill proceeded to tell Jack why he felt it might not be wise to engineer the plant after all. The first crisis was upon us. But true to form, Jack allayed Bill's misgivings and within the hour we were standing before the employees for an introductory speech--the point of no return. Bill's opening remarks were to the effect that Jack had convinced him that Barrow's manufacturing operation was as outdated as a Model T Ford, and there was no reason why it should not perform as a new Cadillac. The answer was engineering. He then turned to us and said, "Now, these two young men look as though they are still wet behind the ears, but they tell us they know how to make pants." I crossed my fingers and hoped we did!

How many of you have had a client ask you why he should pay you \$30.00 per hour to cut out templates? I was under close scrutiny during those first few days and Bill made it a point to walk by my office every hour on the hour. I soon learned that Bill's father once hired George S. May to make a survey, and that on the afternoon of the second day, without warning, Mr. Jennings, Sr., called a taxi, handed the consultant his coat, and gave him five minutes to be on his way. (Undoubtedly a very wise decision, considering the consultant!) Although I kept my coat close at hand during the first week, any undue concern on my part was unfounded, for Bill's interest, backing, and cooperation was unexcelled throughout the entire program.

We really had some fun with the layout. Barrow's plant consisted of an old two-story building, with sewing located on the second floor. Cutting was done in the adjoining one-story building, which, prior to its acquisition by Barrow, was originally used as a "mule barn". To provide the extra space needed for

trucks, we moved the parts operations, and serging of fronts and backs, downstairs to the "mule barn". Bundles were then transported up a manually powered elevator and placed in clamp trucks.

To provide an inside aisle from the "mule barn" to the elevator, we had to cut through a wall, and completely redesign the office area. If you ever run into Bill Jennings or Norman Camp--Vice President of Barrow--be sure to ask them about the "Salesmen's Reception Area" designed by Architect Bitch, A.I.A. We used this as a selling point for making the change, and judging by the laughs we've had since then, I think it has become a legend. (It is very gratifying to know that Barrow will soon have a new, single-story, airconditioned plant. Bob Pee has assisted with the pre-architectural plans.)

Probably characteristic of most all interesting assignments is the fact that not only were the technical aspects new and challenging, but the assignment turned out to be one in which lasting friendships were established with both management and operators. Bill Jennings and Norman Camp made it a point to see that my stay in the community was an enjoyable one. As a whole, the operators were most cooperative and took pride in our efforts to transform "the Barrow" (as Barrow Manufacturing Company is fondly called by its employees) into that late model Cadillac. Two items of human interest will never be forgotten.

While selling a rate to one of the most highly skilled operators in the plant, one who would make Gina Lollobrigida stop and stare, I reached the point at which we explain personal allowances. In my explanation I said, "The 4% personal allowance provides time for the breaks, getting an occasional drink of water, and going to the rest room." Before I finished saying the last word, I was cut short with, "Humph, you needn't make an allowance for the rest room; I go before I come to work in the morning and I don't go again until I get home." What can you say? All I can say is that I

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have never again used the word rest room in a rate sale.

On another occasion, I was driving to Barrow's shirt plant in Statham, Georgia --some nine miles from Winder. Preoccupied with a problem we were working on, I exceeded the speed limit and was stopped by a patrolman. Upon arriving at the plant, I casually mentioned my misfortune. Overnight the news spread to Winder. Early the next morning in Winder, I was approached by a group of operators on Welt Set Back Pockets, whom we had been intently training on the importance of getting a simultaneous pickup of the Back and Pocket. They had this to say: "Dan, we understand that yesterday you were trying to get 100% performance from your speedometer, and as a result a patrolman stopped you and made a simultaneous pickup!" I could only reply, "I hope you will do as well as I did on my speedometer and as well as the patrolman did on his simultaneous pickup!" And they did!

For those of you who occasionally accuse me of referring back to the sewing room manual of Client 110-A, I hope I have given you a small insight into the reasons why you are no doubt correct.

From butterflies at the beginning to extreme gratification at the end, with a most pleasant client--that's what makes me recall the Barrow job as My Most Interesting Assignment.

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growing of softwoods. It is the conifers from these hills, felled in the winter and peeled and dynamited down the rivers just after the spring thaw, which are the mainstay of Finland's economy, the farmers biggest cash-crop. North of the tree-line, in Lapland, timber as a crop is replaced by reindeer, whose romantic owners are this year peculiarly affected by an unnatural hazard whose repercussions have been felt by most farmers in the Northern Hemisphere--the

customers will not buy reindeer meat because they think there is too much strontium in the Lapland mess.

Historically, the Finns are not Scandinavian. They form the northern limb of an unknown tribe who wandered in some unchronicled diaspora from what is now Central Russia into Roumania, Mongolia, Estonia and Finland. The subsequent forging of these wanderers into an ethnic whole with the indigenous peoples and their winning of national independence from the overlordship of a mainly unfriendly Russia and a mainly friendly Sweden, has occupied ten centuries and only reached its culmination within the lifetime of most living Finns.

Politically, the Finnish Presidential and Parliamentary elections, just passed, embody a voting system of their own which seems to be an amalgam incorporating most of the better features of the American and British election procedures while avoiding many of their inconsistencies. Their President Kekkonen, now re-elected for a further term, commands little personal admiration but evokes a good deal of cynical praise for his astuteness in balancing his country so long and so successfully on its political high-wire between East and West. In Clemenceau's words, he is "Sometimes admired, occasionally even respected, never actually liked."

A puzzling feature (to me) of the Presidential election hoardings was the frequent mention of a certain candidate, Paavo Aitto, who was standing as a Kansas Demokrat. But he didn't turn out to be any aspiring young politico from the Prairie State, disappointed at losing the Washington nomination to John F. Kennedy and determined to seek his fortune in the East instead of the traditional West. No, "Kansas" is the Finnish word for People, and "Kansas Demokrat" is the label of the Finnish Communist party. These form a sizeable minority of Finnish citizens but have provoked no local equivalent of the John Birchers, George Lincoln Rockwell, or the Minutemen. Their creed is, mainly, a more per-

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sonal one, they are, again mainly, Finns first and Communists second, and they gravitated toward the infrared end of the political spectrum as a result of the slaughter of many of their contemporaries by White Finns in a local blood-bath that followed the Russian Revolution of 1918. A lot of White Finns were slaughtered at that time also and their memories, as well as those of their families, keep the gulf between the two unbridged. But both are Finns, loyal to Finland.

Economically, Finland only entered its Industrial Revolution in 1945, but is catching up fast. Capital is scarce and entrepreneurial profits correspondingly high. With full employment, a gross national product and a living standard, both rising faster than anywhere in Europe, the Finns are well above the breadline. The cost of living (is this always in inverse proportion to the general tempo of work?) is high--in fact one professional acquaintance, a New Yorker living in a Finnish provincial town claims that his living costs are 5% more than in Baghdad-on-the-subway itself. Perhaps because he is still living as a New Yorker lives, off T-bone steaks and crepes suzettes instead of fish-soup, cream cheese, and rye bread, but the very fact that he can do so here illuminates both the rising prosperity of the country and the staggering convergence of aspiration of 20th-century folk once they have the money in their pockets. The Finns did not heed Louis Baudoin's dictum that "Riches are psychological rather than material, and consist of moderation of desires rather than the accumulation of luxury goods." No fear, it is luxury goods for them--the tape recorder, the T.V. set, the movie camera, the T-bone steak and the French fries, the Fernet Branca and the Four Roses Straight Kentucky Bourbon.

Access to the Bourbon and similar balls-o'-malt is restricted, as a mark of Government's disapproval of earlier drinking habits, when no wedding or shindig at least in rural Finland was complete without a corpse. Even today taking a

purely social drink is the habit of the few, the country custom is still to work one's way through the four stages of inebriation--convivial, contemplative, combative, comatose--as quickly as one can, while making the third phase last as long as possible.

The Finnish language owns to just a few international words like taksi and kafe and suisyde (used colloquially this last describes a work tempo deserving a grade factor of 90% or more) but resembles no other major European tongue. Its Uzbek/Magyar/Mongolian overtones make it ridiculously difficult to learn. The orthography is phonetic and simple, but the grammar tortuous, with 28 declensions for each and every noun and adjective. The verbs, too, come in a Babel of endings.

The horse who hauls a load of timber, he hauls = vetaa, pronounced vitta.

The driver who leads the horse, he hauls = vetytytta, pronounced Vittoot-tootta.

The bossman over the foreman, he hauls timber = vetytytytta said like vittoot-toottootta.

so that one can tell a person's probable salary level and his degree of remoteness from the actual working scene by the number of "oots" in his title.

Concessions are made to foreigners in that public buildings in the towns are usually titled in Swedish and Russian Cyrillic as well as the native tongue.

Physically the Finns are mostly tough and healthy, with the rejection rate for compulsory military service running about 2%. Such a fantastic level of fitness--2% barely covers the total of the one-eyed and the one-limbed--owes much to the national habit of spending the four snowy months of the year trotting through the woods footed with what are called skis but are more fitly described, at least to one unaccustomed to the rigorous upbringing, by their nick-

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name of "sweat-planks". The other daytime sport which keeps the Finns healthy is swimming in a hole-in-the-ice, at air temperatures down to minus 28 Centigrade. This suicidal-sounding immersion is rugged, all right, but one is saved from death by the fact that the water is, of course, 45 Fahrenheit degrees warmer (i.e. less cold) than the air, and the only real hazard is that one might become immobilized in the sheet of solid ice that forms on the body during the long walk from the hole to the dressing room on the lakeside.

So much for the country--a fascinating and surprising land which in spite of its plethora of memories of what Walt Whitman castigated as the "dead Kings and remembered sepulchres" of the European East still looks to the West, to America in particular, for its inspiration and mode of life.

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BOB MALBURG'S 10th ANNIVERSARY

It doesn't seem possible, but ten years have passed since Bob Malburg joined us on June 18, 1952.

He is another Penn State man--we have several on our staff--and is also a native of Pennsylvania. He obtained his B.S. just prior to coming with us.

His first "on-the-job training" took place in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and from there he went to Andalusia, Alabama where he spent the next four and one-half years working at Alabama Textile Products Corporation. They were so pleased with the results he produced for them that they always found another department for him to engineer.

Bob and his family had really become Southerners during their long stay in Alabama, so when the time came for them to leave, they did not find it too difficult, inasmuch as they were being transferred to another "Southern" location. Bob had been made a Field Supervisor in the Greensboro territory where

you can now find him assisting Karl Striegel.

We are happy to have you with us, Bob, and hope we will be celebrating many more anniversaries together.

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NEW EMPLOYEES

It is our pleasure to announce the arrival of a number of new employees in this issue, thanks to Abbie Jean's recruiting efforts.

Carl Berman started the year off when he joined us on February 26. As a man with many years of experience in our industry --with the last four in South America-- it was necessary for him to spend just long enough in Washington to familiarize himself with our type of engineering. After a few weeks with Bill Cagnon, he went to Lillington, North Carolina, where he and Bob Malburg are making an installation for the Morehead City Group.

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On April 2, Paul Flood gave up his teaching to put his M.S.I.E. to work with us. His Alma Mater is Georgia Tech--as it is with a number of our men. After indoctrination of about three weeks in Washington, he returned to his Home State when he reported to McRae for training. He is now assisting Norville Wilson wind up his job at Brookhaven, Mississippi. And, judging from the large quantity of forms requested for the manual on this job, it sounds as if Paul will be kept plenty busy.

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Bob Tabor, another native Georgian, and one with some 16 years of needle trades experience--all phases--came with us on April 23. Inasmuch as he had worked on a job with our engineers, he was somewhat familiar with our methods of engineering and was ready to go to work in a very short time. He is now assisting C.C. Barnes down in New Albany, Miss.

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EUROPEAN ACTIVITIES

On May 1, Arthur Anfield joined our Systems Division. His talents and experience in the systems field well qualified him for immediate work with the Division. He can be found working out of our New York office.

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Then came William Reed on June 11. He is also a Georgia Tech man--he recently obtained his M.S.I.E. there. After the usual indoctrination in Washington, he will then report to McRae for the first phase of his training.

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June 18 brought us two engineers:

John Wilcox, a native of Florida and a B.S.I.E. from North Carolina State ('62) is now undergoing his indoctrination here, as is Reginald Woods.

Reg is another Pennsylvanian, but is also another one of our staff who claims Cornell as his Alma Mater. Next fall he will return to Cornell for about four months to complete his M.B.A. requirements. At a later date he will also take a six months' leave of absence to fulfill his service obligation.

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Joe Scheines has been doing P.R. work for KSA on a part-time basis for the past 14 months. He has done an excellent job--in fact, good enough to make us realize that we need the full-time services of a P.R. man. Joe has been named our P.R. Director and will be with us full-time as of August 1, at which time we feel certain he will be able to further relieve many of our supervisors who have been finding P.R. work so time consuming.

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Several other applicants have accepted our job offers, but will join us after June 30, so we will announce them in the next issue.

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Our European affiliates continue to make progress.

At the present time, Fredy Hollenbach from KSA, G.m.b.H, is here for State-side training. He has completed his training at McRae and is now down at Andalusia, Alabama working with Dick Millberg. He is expected to be here two or three more months before returning to Germany to put his acquired knowledge to work.

Also in the States at this time is the future President of CORIA-KSA, Claude Hache. He was recently joined by his wife for a visit before returning to Paris in July. At present, they are in Brookhaven, Mississippi.

KS-PEA recently added two men to their very busy staff. They are L. S. Mitchell and Rex Lawrence. Each of these fellows will be coming over for training in the near future.

KS expects to leave for Europe in mid-July for two weeks (plus one week vacation), at which time he will visit all three affiliates; and, of course, we are expecting Stig and Freddie in August to attend the Supervisors Meeting, so we are hopeful that we can pick up some first-hand information about our new affiliates to pass on to you in our next issue.

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TRAVELING FIVE YEARS FOR KSA

By

Doris Kohnagel

When Lutz joined the ranks of KSA in 1957, the "adventure of traveling was not exactly unknown to us. In addition to the ordinary means of transportation, we had spent six weeks on a freighter, two weeks on a riverboat in South America, etc. But despite all this, the moving itself still poses the greatest problems for us, whereas the apartment hunting on location generally is solved

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within a few days (our Pomeranian usually is admitted even by the strictest landladies).

In previous travel articles I have read with envy about such "extravagances" as second cars, U-Hauls, vans, thinking about our limit of 88 pounds imposed by the airlines, but hardly enough for a half year assignment away from home. So, whenever we have to fly, we not only pack away our dearest possessions, but also the barest necessities and off we go with a set of toothbrushes and a set of stopwatches.

And really, traveling by air amounts to a duel of wits with airline officials. This starts with the purchase of small looking but voluminous handbags and continues with the loading of these bags with everything small but heavy; the dog has to be trained not to bark while sitting in his inconspicuous little suitcase on the scales and not to draw any attention until we are airborne; we suddenly discover that the typewriter can be fitted into the still half empty--and fortunately already weighed--briefcase; and so on.

One also has to be constantly on the lookout for feather-weight and midget-size commodities such as an alarm clock 1" x 1", radio 3-1/2" x 5-1/2", camera 1" x 4", plastic containers instead of glass, tape recorder instead of record player (one tape equals 25 to 30 long-playing records), dog 6 pounds, etc., etc.

Traveling to foreign countries adds the "fun" and "adventure" of quarrelling with immigration, health department and customs officers. I still can see myself arguing with a Columbian official for 25 minutes over the board which I tried to bring Lutz for his payroll installation. Finally the man yielded to my arguments that I needed the board to paint pictures.

But I will start at the beginning: Coming from South America, we arrived in the States via Curacao, Dominican Repub-

lic, Haiti, Jamaica and Cuba and I "settled" in the Bronx, while Lutz took off to Washington and McRae.

After six weeks of settled life, however, we were on our way--with approximately 88 pounds--to New Orleans. New Orleans certainly was an extraordinarily good starter. But we knew that this was only a temporary assignment and we satisfied ourselves with an old-fashioned mansion rented on a weekly basis. Well, this lasted for five weeks--just enough time to learn driving, get a driver's license and buy a car.

We then proceeded to Texas, our second stop on the way to our final destination: Mexico. This trip with Lutz for the first time on his own behind a steering wheel, trying to fight hurricane Audrie, in a brand new automobile, was quite an experience. Incidentally, we never made it to Mexico on official business but instead stayed in Texas for one and a half years, with only two short interruptions. Again, I immediately found a rather nice apartment and again with a very nice old landlady. Although the policy was "strictly no pets" Putzie, our Pom, sold himself so well to the old lady that she soon wound up baking special cookies for "the lil doggily."

After enduring a long hot Texas summer, the first interruption came at Christmas with three weeks in McRae, which we enjoyed very much in one of the log cabins at Little Ocmulgee. The following summer we were somewhat more fortunate, with the hottest three months of the season on a job in Shreveport and in a Motel with airconditioning and a swimming pool (FULL) at the doorstep. In thinking of our Sauna style apartment back in Marshall, Texas, this was the utmost in luxurious living.

In the Fall we went back to Marshall and before the winter had a chance to get too cold we stored away all our accumulated possessions, including the car, and were on our way to the first of our regular winter assignments in Puerto Rico. In Mayaguez, we had no choice but to

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move into the only apartment building in town, a twelve story structure designed for airconditioning (windows couldn't be opened) but without airconditioning. Imagine! We lived on the 12th floor with the elevators frequently broken down. There was a swimming pool, however--full most of the time.

Summer and Fall were to be spent in Kentucky. We flew back to Texas, hurriedly picked up our car, and drove on to Edmonton, Kentucky. A proud sign welcomed us: Edmonton, Kentucky, Population: 843, and then something about the approved water supply. This time apartment hunting was a matter of covering several counties. We settled for Columbia, Kentucky--the air was good there!

Shortly before Christmas we left for two weeks in Detroit and then proceeded through Canada to New York over icy roads, dressed in khaki clothes, with our winter clothes stored safely away in Texas. In New York we had enough time to buy tickets and airlift out to our winter resort, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico. For details see above, except that we cautiously took the 9th floor this time. We also shipped our car this time, which enabled us to take with us some of the bare necessities hidden in the trunk of the car.

After half a year, we went back to New York, repacked, eliminating everything not absolutely necessary (it was cruel) and went on a four month's assignment in Cali, Columbia, South America. We had a beautiful apartment furnished with everything. The owner went on vacation to Chile for exactly the same period we were supposed to stay. How Lucky can you get?

At this point, our scheme broke down and we had to spend a complete winter (1960/61) in New York with Lutz working in St. Louis, Toronto and Brooklyn. Spring came and we drove into an airconditioned summer in Opp, Alabama. This little town turned out to be a real nice community and we had a wonderful time there.

After a little over half a year in Alabama, we decided to have several weeks vacation in Europe. But after three weeks in Germany, business caught up with us and we were on our way to Austria. The European job dragged on to January and winter hit us in our light-weight clothes and with an utterly inadequate heating system in the hotels. But this time we were comforted by the knowledge that our winter job in Puerto Rico was already lined up for us. We left cold Germany at the earliest possible moment, changed planes in New York and are now back in Mayaguez. We found a beautiful apartment this time, way up in the mountains and overlooking the Caribbean Sea. Tentative plans are for a year's stay.

I guess we've had our fair share of traveling and I certainly would not want to have missed any of it. Although sometimes we cannot help not being too fond of the traveling itself, we know that neither of us could live permanently in one place any more without frequent interruptions in the routine.

Thinking about all the impossible possibilities that might happen on a journey, I found that the utmost in adventure is asking for a midnight taxi ride from Idlewild to the Bronx.

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OUR APOLOGIES

Remember the very good article entitled "And Now San Quinton" in the last issue of the News? Many of you no doubt recognized it as the writing of Lanie Johnson, but we do wish to apologize to you Lanie, for our oversight in failing to give you credit for the article we all enjoyed so much.

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KSA CARTOONIST

We have been the recipients of some of Jimmy Giddings' cartoons depicting life with KSA. We think they are excellent and plan to use them from time to time

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In the News in order that all of you may have the opportunity to enjoy them.

When Jimmy came with us and we learned of this additional talent, he was earmarked as our cartoonist, unofficially, but after seeing some of his pertinent material, KS gave him the title of "Official Cartoonist"!

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RECUPERATED

We are happy to report that Ann Long is now back at the office after her tonsillectomy.

We are all glad you are back Ann, and know that you were sorely missed in the Atlanta office. However, I must say that you have the fellows well trained down there. Jack wrote asking us to send a manual to someone, stating that only the file copy was in the office at the time and he dared not send that out, for you would take out his tonsils when you got back--and he'd already had it done!

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DIAPER LINE

Anne and Charlie Browne became proud parents for the first time on March 24. The lad was named Charles, III.

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May 25 marked the big day for Susan and Dean Vought when their first child, Laurie Sue, was born.

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NEW GREENSBORO OFFICE PLANNED

With Karl Striegel, Jack Sanders and Bob Malburg all headquartered at Greensboro, we have outgrown our temporary office facilities there. Plans are afoot to rent a 1200 to 1400 foot office in a new

office building being erected in the near future.

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THREE V.P.'s. FOR KSA

Since the last issue of the News, some overdue recognition has been given to Stig Kry, Jack Ullman and Dean Vought through their appointments as Vice Presidents, backing up Karl Striegel's splendid work as President.

Stig Kry is Vice President of International Operations and, for the time being, Manager of our European operations. Jack Ullman continues to function out of Atlanta and Dean Vought out of New York.

We know that all who have worked with these men will agree that this recognition is well deserved.

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PRESS CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK

Joe Scheines has arranged a Press Conference/Open House to be held at the New York office on June 28.

The occasion is to be a triple barreled one: For one, we'd like to show off our newly remodeled New York facilities to the press and a few selected area clients. Next, we'd like them to meet two of our new Vice Presidents (the third one being out of the country at the time) as well as Karl Striegel and KS. Lastly, we hope to acquaint the press with our recent growth and other noteworthy developments within KSA.

We hope to obtain more and better publicity in the various trade magazines through such an information-dispersing stratagem as a press conference.

If you are in New York at that time, be sure to stop by the office.

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THE MARK OF MATURITY

By
Alvin H. Goeser

(Copied from "Industrial Management")

To deal consistently with our fellow human beings with tact and dignity is one of the distinctive marks of personal maturity.

It takes emotional "grown-upness" to be considerate of the feelings of others and to show respect for the dignity that is inherent in the nature of all men, be they strong or weak, rich or poor, influential or unknown.

It is a mark by which we can unmistakably separate the boy from the man, the infant from the adult. Tact and considerateness, or what is the same thing, respect for the feelings and dignity of others is too difficult to be feigned and too genuinely real to be pretended. It is found only in him whose maturity has ripened into reverence for the human personality, and who by having equated all persons with himself gives to them the same reverence that he holds for himself.

The emotionally immature are incapable of this act of equation. They consider themselves superior, and to confirm to themselves this opinion they must display their superiority. Among the unconscious ways in which they do this are tactlessness and rudeness. By treating the other person as an inferior, they are able to conceal to themselves their own inferiority, inadequacy, and insecurity. They make themselves feel more important. In their own immaturity it is thus imperative to their egos that they treat others as inferiors.

It takes no personal development nor stature to be tactless or inconsiderate. Such behavior is nothing more than immaturity seeking expression. It is an unconscious effort to conceal or "cover-up" our sense of inferiority and of inadequacy. At its worst, perhaps, it is an expression of our failure to accept the dignity of the human personality, or

of our unwillingness because of self-conceit to equate others with ourselves.

The mature person, on the other hand, lives on the level of human equation. He need not belittle in order to make himself an equal. He has the sense of adequacy within himself. He needs no false props to bolster his sense of importance. He has no need for wealth, social standing, position, or authority to give him stature, nor does he need use these to show his superiority. Since he has reverence for his own inherent dignity he need not be irreverent of the dignity of others, nor tactless and rude in violating it.

It takes a man to be tactful and considerate as a way of life in dealing with his fellow men. It is not boys' play, nor is it for those laden with inferiority or hostility complexes. It is for the mature man, who is confident and secure in himself, who fully recognizes and accepts the innate dignity of all men, and who finds it inherently satisfying to relate himself helpfully and pleasingly to his fellow human beings.

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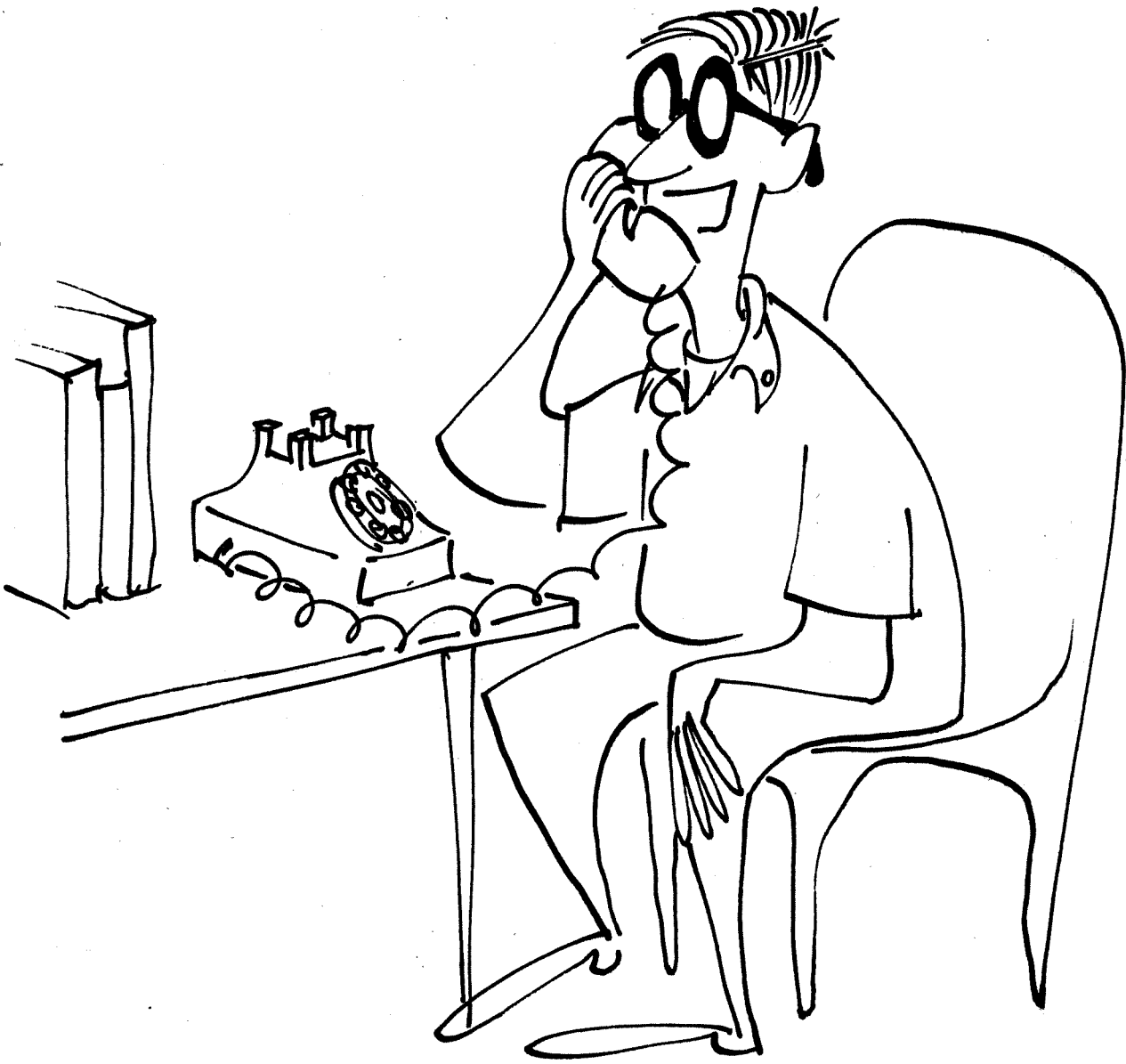
ENGAGEMENT

The grapevine has brought us the news that KSA's Cartoonist, Jimmy Giddings has become engaged to a Chicago girl and expects to be married July 12.

This information was received just as we went to press and we were unable to get in touch with Jimmy for details, but we will do so and pass them on to you next time.

In the meantime, congratulations, Jimmy! We are looking forward to meeting your bride and welcoming her to KSA.

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HELLO MA! THERE'S A NEW JOB IN NORTH CAROLINA, BUT I'M TENTATIVELY SCHEDULED FOR TEXAS, SO MORE THAN LIKELY I'LL BE IN WINDER WITHIN A WEEK.

