

There are a lot of other things to be recalled from the early years -- Louie Weiner's store located where the garages now are, bringing your kids out on Sunday afternoons and letting them ride on the dinky, the time the cinder heap caught fire and burned for months and months, Mr. Glenn riding his horse to and from work every day, the men in the mill staking out claims for garden sites on the hill near Sixteenth Street and raising some of the finest vegetables you've ever seen, Rose and Carrie and the wonderful lunches they used to serve in the basement of the main office for five bucks a month.

I mentioned the cinder heap burning and there's a story in connection with that. One day soon after it started I was standing watching it when Mr. Glenn came up. He asked me, "Clem, what happened -- what started this thing?" I told him, "Some damn fool lit a fire to burn some trash." He snapped right back at me. "That's what I was afraid of -- and for your information, I was that damn fool." It burned and burned for months and no amount of water or soaking could put it out until it finally burned out of its own accord (we hope). It was always a mighty sore subject with the boss.

Just as Mr. Girdler contributed so much in the early days to bringing production order out of the chaos, so too did Mr. Glenn. He took over with a firm hand and steered this company in the right direction. His son, now our vice president, can tell you of the long hours he put in at his desk and in the mill. It was a familiar sight to look up and see Sherlock coming through the wire mill, a little boy clutching each of his hands, heading for the pattern shop. There the two kids would amuse themselves until Dad had finished the task at hand and was ready to take them home.

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Looking back forty-eight years, some people would be inclined to sigh for the good old days -- I'm not. It has been a source of pride and satisfaction to see the faltering, poorly organized company of 1906 struggle, grow and become the Atlantic Steel Company of today. It has been interesting to see our crude efforts of the old days flower into the well-known, well-made and well-liked Dixisteel products of today. I won't say that the company and I have grown old together -- rather let us say that we have grown up together. I still think it is an outfit that has a darn good future, so I think I'll stick around till spring.