

The Green River Manufacturing Company

The Green River Manufacturing Company's big mill is located in almost the last place on earth, you know, where you would naturally expect to find an industrial enterprise which pays out over \$60,000 yearly in wages and which does an annual business of something like \$300,000.

The mill is a short distance from Tuxedo Station, about seven miles, say; from Hendersonville, reached easily and pleasantly over a perfectly graded road. From Tuxedo Station to the mill 'tis but a short drive, but a very beautiful one, the last curve in the road suddenly revealing the big, well built, red and white structure resting on a commanding eminence, surrounded by grass, and flowers, and trees and almost within the shadow of the surrounding mountain giants.

The first impression you receive on entering the mill is that of perfect, spotless cleanliness, and later you notice men busily at work scrubbing the already clean floor and learn it is their sole duty—to clean, clean, always clean.

The interior of the great structure, 380 feet and more in length, is a long vista of marvelous, more-than-human machinery, and fast-flying belts attached to individual motors fastened high up towards the ceiling, and of businesslike activity of the 175 operatives.

One's first thought is that the professional muckrakers who make their living by telling sensational lies about the conditions existing in Southern mills would find in this modern plant but poor material for future efforts on their part.

Practically all the labor in the mill is native Western North Carolina—the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in the United States, the most intelligent, the quickest to learn of any labor in the world. Incidentally and just in passing it might also be said the girls are just about the prettiest girls in the world, with a peach and cream complexion that money may not buy, and that they, and the other operatives in this mill are well dressed and the very embodiment of health itself.

No pains or expenses is spared by the Green River Manufacturing Company, in making the working conditions of their employes as nearly ideal as possible. For instance, there are the humidifiers, intalled at a cost of many thousands of dollars, which maintain an eventemperature in the mill, so that when Old Sol's rays are the fiercest outside the interior of the building is delightfully cool.

The 51 company cottages, perched here

And What It Is Doing at Its Big Mill in the Mountains

and there on the surrounding hillsides, are attractive and as well built as any skilled mechanic's in a large city. The company offers very substantial prizes for the best flower garden prepared by their employees, furnishing the seeds, etc., and of course is active in the welfare work which now marks nearly all Southern mills.

The Green River Manufacturing Company is Henderson county's largest industrial enterprise, by far, and one which is of direct benefit to this city and the county at large.

They have about 275 employes,—well satisfied, well treated employes—their annual pay roll is about \$5,000 a month and the annual out-put of the mill runs something like \$300,000.

The mill spins yarn only—60, 70 and 80, combed peeler. The finished product is used in knitting, weaving, laces, etc., and nearly all of it is shipped North.

There are 8,152 spindles in the mill and all the different operations are carried on under one roof.

The hungry machines demand 112 bales of cotton, each bale weighing about 450 pounds, for their food each month. The cotton used is Mississippi Valley, 1 5-16 inch staple. Quantities of it are stored in a warehouse near one end of the mill. From there it is taken into the building and then passes through the different processes until it reaches the other end of the long building when it is a finished product, ready for shipment.

Of all the wonderful machines used, all of them automatic and half-human, none is more wonderful than that altogether wonderful machine called the comb.

With just one or two more attachments this machine could vote—and Mr. J. O. Bell says it wouldn't vote for any tariff foolishness with the South's great staple, either!

The Green River Manufacturing Company has achieved a very high reputation for their yarns, and, of course, it is to be supposed and sincerely hoped by all having the interests of this county at heart—that their enterprise is profitable to them and return-

ing a satisfactory investment upon the capital they have risked.

But a very, very large part of the cost of the yarn is labor cost.

It is said that nine-tenths the cost of a completed battleship is labor cost.

It is said that nine-tenths of the cost of making a pair of hose is labor cost.

And there you are—two extremes—a bat-

tleship and a pair of hose.

Therefore, Mr. J. O. Bell, the secretary and treasurer of the Green River Manufacturing Company, is somewhat fearful of the results of any tariff-tinkering with the South's staple—Cotton. If that tinkering should result in a lower selling price for the company's product, who, naturally, would be compelled to bear their share of that loss?

The Green River Mill is admirably situated and is an imposing structure, yet one cannot but wonder at the business nerve which impelled business men to come into what was literally a wilderness and there create an industry which means profitable employment to scores, means the circulation of a very large sum of money where none circulated before and which is of direct benefit to the entire county.

Mr. J. O. Bell, the secretary-treasurer of the Green River Manufacturing Company is the one man largely responsible for it all.

Under his careful guidance the mill has grown to be one of Henderson county's institutions and one of its most valued. As

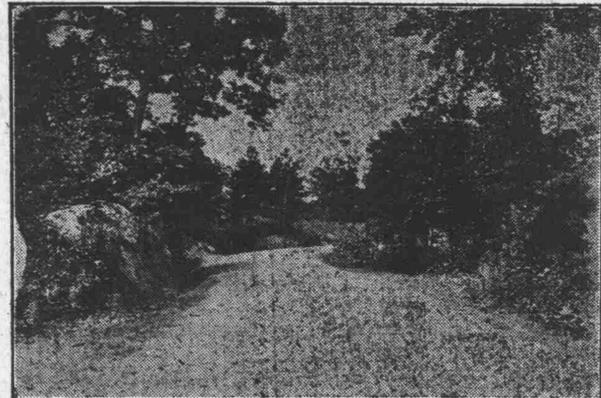
Mr. Bell has made several hundreds of thousands of dollars amongst a people that didn't see but a mighty few circulate before, he is a public benefactor and public benefactors should not be without honor in their own home counties.

But one of the most interesting features of this mill in the mountains is the power plant from which is derived the 400 horsepower necessary to drive the wonderful machinery which makes the yarn.

This power is generated at Green River, possibly a quarter-mile from the mill.

There Green River, aptly named, comes tumbling and tearing noisily along between a rift in the mountains which rest their green clad feet in its emerald waters. At just the right place a 50-foot dam has been built and the hitherto wasted energies of the mountain torrent is harnessed to man's will.

The scene is a pretty one—truly. The power house is built on the steep side of the mountain and close to the river's bed. The



THIS PLEASANT ROAD LEADS TO THE MILL.

water above the dam forms a placid lake. It is taken through a great flume with 28 feet fall, strikes a 16 inch turbine wheel and the electric juice is soon generated. From there it passes on again into the river and roars and fuses at a great rate as it tumbles over the gigantic rocks in its way until finally, emerald-green with snow white crest, it disappears around yonder corner on its way to the ocean.

In addition there is a steam auxiliary plant of 225 horse power, but that is less interesting, far less interesting than is this modern power house nailed to the steep sides of a mountain giant and furnishing the energy which in its turn operates much wonderful machinery and furnishes profitable employment to hundreds of Western North Carolina mountain people—the best people in the world!

Mr. H. E. Erwin, for two years past the efficient superintendent of the Green River Mill, is a man who has made good in that difficult position, and he is deservedly popular with the mill's many employes.

The officers of the Green River Manufacturing Company are:
S. B. Tanner, president.
J. A. Durham, vice president.
J. O. Bell, secretary and treasurer.