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JUNE / JULY 2023

magazine



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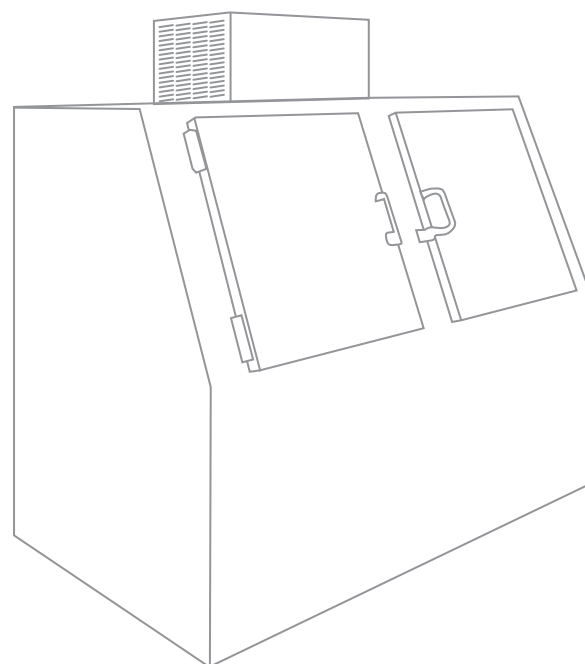
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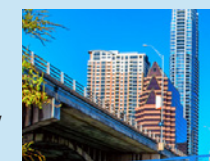
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Family Provided Cold Water 100 Years Ago

In Atlanta there is a beautiful area of old homes. Before development began to alter that area (yes, 100 years ago was forest there) W.W. Rolader owned a piece of property which had a natural spring. According to an oral historian here in Atlanta, Pete Rolader (a Rolader descendent) the spring was abundant.

W.W. Rolander's sons pumped the water up into a large cedar tank above the house over the spring. The family then filled the bottles by opening a tap and letting the water flow. Pete Rolader said they could fill four of five bottles at a time.

They supplied drinking water to the office buildings in Buckhead and downtown Atlanta. Homer Rolader made five deliveries a week. As Atlantic Ice & Coal Company truck followed, adding fresh ice every morning.

A five-gallon bottle of water cost 50 cents. The Roladers also operated a general store in the same area of Buckhead. There, in a tub with a 200 pound of block ice, were cokes and watermelon.

The generations that followed became educated and successful in Atlanta. One became one of the first orthodontists in Atlanta and led the charge to add fluoride to Atlanta's water supply, which strengthens teeth.

Happy Reading!

Mary

Mary Yopp Cronley
Editor
Refrigeration Magazine



"W.W. Rolander's sons pumped the water up into a large cedar tank above the house over the spring. The family then filled the bottles by opening a tap and letting the water flow. Pete Rolader said they could fill four of five bottles at a time."

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Change of



Heart

It wasn't every day Sam saw his boss smile. A grumpy man, Wilbur Jennings' motto in life was "My way or the highway." Sam did not object to that philosophy because after all, Wilbur was the owner, and all other things put to the side, he always paid his employees on time. What Sam did object to was his evil nature. Well, maybe that did not describe the man accurately. It wasn't so much that he was mean or evil; he was just plain cranky. The man was hard to figure out. Every Christmas he held large and festive parties for his crews but never attended. His only request was that Sam not let them drive if they had too much to drink. On Thanksgiving he would have Sam pass out turkeys and bonus checks, but discouraged any attempts to thank him.

Tall and lanky, Wilbur hardly smiled and when he did, it appeared to be forced. At times, Sam wondered what had happened in the man's life to make him the way he was. Frugal with words, Wilbur only spoke when required, and that usually involved giving orders to his employees, and for the most part, he gave that responsibility to Sam. The

fact that Wilbur did greet Sam with a smile this morning, told the long-time employee, his boss probably hit a cat on the way to work.

The day's ice deliveries finished, Sam headed back to the ice plant. Still winter, he was the only full-time driver. As he pulled into the back lot, he knew his boss was still there. The baggers had already left. After stacking the empty pallets, he walked to Wilbur's office.

The door, as usual, was shut. Sam knocked twice and stepped in. Wilbur lay on the floor unconscious. Frantic, he rushed to where his boss lay.

"Boss! Boss!"

No response.

"Boss! Wilbur! Wake up, you ok?"

Sam called 911. Within moments sirens signaled the arrival of emergency personnel. Five minutes later Sam stood numb in the parking lot watching the ambulance rush off, lights blazing.

After filling out the report with the police officer, he walked into the ice plant and sat wearily on the couch in the lunch room. He tried to deny the news the EMT had told him but knew it had to be true. Wilbur had suffered what appeared to be a massive heart attack.

Who could he call? Wilbur's wife had run out on him years ago, and from what he heard, she had every right to. His kid's refused to speak with their dad and the rumor was that not even the Boss's dog got along with him. Sam walked to his employer's office. He'd once seen Wilbur with an address book in his hand once and recalled sadly that he wondered at the time if there were any names in. Not once in the ten years he worked for Wilbur had he seen or heard of the man having any friends. It was no wonder. The man was cranky to everyone but was also smart enough to know who he was. Sam brought in the new accounts. Had Wilbur ever shown up at a potential account's store, they all would have run for cover. He constantly wore a scowl and his people skills were non-existent.

Sam's sadness increased when he found the address book in the bottom drawer of Wilbur's desk. There were two names, both women. They couldn't be girlfriends. The man was a hermit.

He called the first number. It was disconnected. He dialed the second number. A woman answered on the third ring.

Several days later, after Sam locked up the ice plant, he drove to the hospital. Wilbur's sister sat in the waiting room. Upon hearing the sad news, she had caught a red-eye out of Denver and rushed to her brother's side. Of slender frame she again thanked Sam. He was shocked when Carol told him her brother spoke frequently about him and what a great help he was as Wilbur's lead man.

They both agreed it was a miracle a suitable heart had been located so quickly. Carol's eyes, red and puffy told Sam what he already knew. She had not once left the hospital since her arrival four days ago.

The surgery began over seven hours ago. Carol had been updated several times and so far, all was looking good. With each report, Sam noticed Carol evaluating the man before her. Older than her brother, she was an elegant woman in appearance, and like Wilbur, spoke only when

she had something to say.

Carol excused herself and returned after a few moments. Sam's gaze was focused on the bright white, tiled floor when he sensed her staring at him. He looked up.

"You don't care for my brother much do you?"

Taken back by the question, he answered honestly. "No ma'am, I guess I don't."

"Call me Carol, please."

Steel blue eyes, like her brother, she studied Sam's face for a moment.

"What do you know about Wilbur?"

"Not much, only what I heard." Sam gazed into the woman's sorrowful eyes and continued.

"It's not so much that I don't like him, I just don't understand him and why he is the way he is."

"Let me guess," she replied. "He says little and when he speaks, it does not come forth in a manner that elicits a favorable opinion?"

"Well, I wouldn't have put it in quite those words, but that about sums it up."

"May I tell you a story about my brother that might help you understand him a little?"

"I'd like that, ma'am, I mean Carol."

"Your boss, my brother,

was a highly recruited high school basketball star with several major universities interested in him. He chose to serve his country first." Tears began to form as she continued. "Vietnam took his dream. Did you know he was awarded the Medal of Honor?"

Sam's eyes opened wide. He sat up straight and slowly shook his head.

"He placed himself in harm's way several times, always to save his friends. He had a lot of close friends in that God-awful place. The Medal was awarded while he lay in a coma at Walter Reed Army Medical Hospital. My little brother was still nineteen years old at the time. He held off an enemy assault long enough for his wounded buddies to be loaded onto a medivac helicopter. He took several bullets, including the one that almost ended his life. He laid in a coma seven months. When he woke up he . . . he . . ." Carol broke into tears. She rejected Sam's overtures and bravely wiped the tears before continuing.

"When he woke up, I had to tell him that his childhood sweetheart, he married her before he left to over there, had been killed by a drunk driver, along with his young baby." Carol's voice turned brittle. "He never had the chance to see his son. Two months after their deaths we lost our parents in a

plane crash."

San listened in overwhelming sadness. He immediately chastised himself for all the negative opinions he had held towards Wilbur. Carol sensed his thoughts.

"Don't feel bad, Sam. My brother was not the same man after that. A few years later he had three successful car lots in our home town, met a woman with four children and married her six weeks after knowing her. It was more out of loneliness than anything else. Debra was the first and only woman he dated since he lost his first wife." Carol paused for a moment again studying Sam's face.

"Six months after marrying her, he decided to sell the car lots and go back to school to pursue a degree in education. Debra would have none of that and filed for divorce. She did not want a man that only earned a teacher's income. As you may know, California at that time, and even still today, always favored the woman in a divorce, especially if there were kids involved. He lost everything in the settlement . . .

Actually, he never put up much of a fight." Carol stifled her tears and stood. She placed a hand on the young man's shoulder and squeezed. "Less than a year



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ago we lost our sister, Betty. She too was killed by a drunk driver."

Sam was at a loss for words. Betty was the other name in the address book! Almost everyone the man had loved died or dumped on him. No wonder he sheltered him self from getting close to anyone. Sam felt like a jerk. The stories he had heard about how Wilbur's wife had left him and how his kids didn't like him were rumors he had foolishly believed. His second wife married him for his money and the kids only knew him for less than a year. The man has been alone for over thirty years. How sad. Sam stifled his own tears and asked to be excused. He walked out of the hospital and began to walk. He felt rather small for listening to rumors that as it turned out, were false.

As Sam walked aimlessly, he thought a lot about his boss. For most of the ten years he worked for Wilbur, he held the title of plant supervisor. He made a good living and never saw the boss mean to anyone without cause. And now that he thought about it, "mean" was not the correct word. Wilbur did not put up with employees that did not want to work. That couldn't be considered mean, could it? The man had a business to run. Yes, he always seems cranky, but now, Sam understood a little better that his boss did

not have a lot to be happy about. Maybe it's you, Sam, that needs to change. There are always two sides to every story.

Sam continued to walk a little longer and then returned to Carol's side. A moment after he sat down, the surgeon walked towards them. He wore a large smile.

July was always hot in Southern California, and today was going to a real burner, hotter than normal, Sam thought as he walked into the ice plant. It was still early. Excited and a little nervous, Sam saw Wilbur's truck in the parking lot. Today was his first day back to work after the long and difficult recovery process. Sam about fell down when he saw Wilbur's office door open and the sound of rock & roll music blasting from within. He peered inside. The boss had his feet kicked up on his desk. He held a Veterans of Foreign Wars pamphlet in his hand.

"Hello boss," said the surprised employee.

Wilbur jumped to his feet and flashed a wide smile. "Sam, my boy; how are ya?"

With vigor, Wilbur walked to Sam and gave him a bear hug. "Thank you so much for all you've done while I was sick, and the job you've done here for the last ten years." He held out his hand.

Sam shook it. He was stunned. Who is this man? Not once in ten years had he heard music coming out of this office and never did Wilbur extend his hand in thanks. Wilbur sensed his leadman's confusion and asked Sam to take a seat.

"Do you fish, son?"

"When I'm able," Sam blurted out, very surprised to engage in any type of non-work-related topics with his boss.

"I used to love to as a kid. What would you think about this fall, after the busy season is over, you and I organize a company fishing trip? I was thinking Alaska. I hear the salmon fishing up there is great."

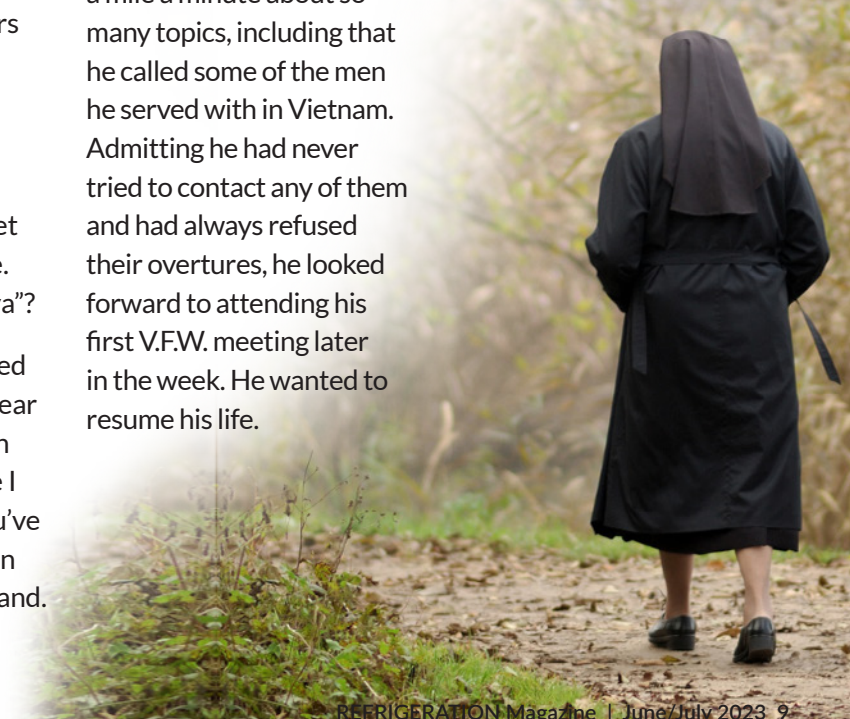
Sam was giddy with happiness. He was on his way back to the ice plant for his third load of the day. He was an hour behind but that was ok. Wilbur had talked a mile a minute about so many topics, including that he called some of the men he served with in Vietnam. Admitting he had never tried to contact any of them and had always refused their overtures, he looked forward to attending his first V.F.W. meeting later in the week. He wanted to resume his life.

Recalling his boss's previously bare office walls, with the exception of one calendar, the gray paneling now graced two pictures. One was of his first wife and little baby boy. The other was of the woman whose untimely death saved Wilbur's life with the gift of her heart. The picture centered on a young Catholic nun in a third world country. Dozens of poverty-stricken children surrounded her.

She wore a smile. Her name was Sister Mary Taylor. Beneath the picture in a smaller frame was a short, simple obituary:

Sister Mary Taylor, beloved by all whom had the privilege to know her, was killed tragically in a plane crash. The aircraft was en-route to the village of Sadsicar loaded with food and medical supplies.

She will be missed. **RM**



KEITH Partners With Ecovative Renewables to Expand Reach

KEITH Manufacturing Co., Madras, Oregon, the provider of WALKING FLOOR® technology, is excited to announce a new partnership with international distributor Ecovative Renewables General Trading LLC, part of Rais Hassan Saadi Group (RHS Group). The partnership will allow KEITH to expand its reach into new markets.

"We are thrilled to work with Ecovative Renewables," said Lindsay Foster-Drago, president at KEITH. "Their extensive experience in the Middle East and beyond will assist in growing our international customers."

"This synergistic choice is part of KEITH's expansion strategy to pursue new growth markets with a continued focus on our customers' success," added Foster-Drago.

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About Rais Hassan Saadi Group

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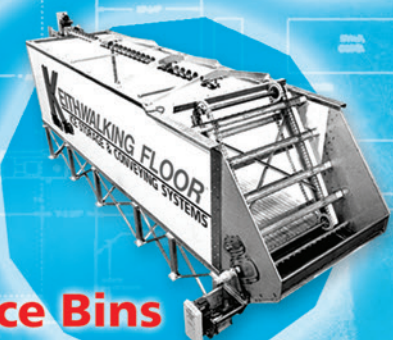
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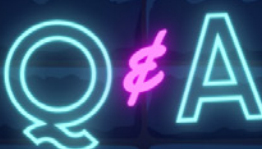
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