

Central Warehouse Chatter-box By LeRoy E. Sweeney, Sr.

"This is the department where news is made—and not born!" When mountains are made out of mole-hills and vice versa, we'll make 'em!!

Orchids and a riotous round of applause for Mrs. Maybud Stanley, who has done such a grand job of reporting the news—happenings of the packing department in the past. I, as a new member of Marshall Field and Company, shall endeavor to maintain the fine reputations she has set forth in her past columns.

Thomas Stanley, Jr., had a most wonderful time this past week-end in Philadelphia, Pa., with old friends.

We're all glad to see "Uncle Bob" Brown back on the job again after having been "laid up" with the flu for the past several days. Charlie was "extra" lonesome without you.

Mrs. Lula Setliff of the Reidsville Rd. was the week-end guest of Mrs. T. C. Stanley.

The United States Marine Corps reclaimed one of our boys, Jack Bryant, this week. Best of luck, Leatherneck.

The Carlis Martins and Sweeneys visited friends in Fieldale this past Sunday.

Howard Clark is still trying his luck rabbit hunting these days. Have you ever tried salt, Howard?

When you think of the radio, think of Station S-A-F-E-T-Y. Tune in daily.

'Til the next time, I am—

Your Chatterbox Reporter.

Woolen Mill

By Iris Smith

Mr. and Mrs. Billie Williams and daughter, Joan, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Posie Meadows.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Clark returned home Wednesday after spending a week with the latter's sister, Mrs. W. D. Morgan of Orlando, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Watkins have resigned from their job at the Woolen mill to move to their new home on the Reidsville road.

Jack Robertson, son of Mrs. Annie Sue Robertson, has enrolled in the "School of Art," at Sarasota, Fla.

Alfred Yarborough S1/c and Everett Hale S2/c have received their discharges from the Navy. Hale is a brother of Mrs. William Carter.

We are very glad to have Mrs. Lucinda Martin back with us, after being out for quite a while.

We are very glad to have Pauline Paterson back with us after being out sick for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Roberson have moved to their new home on the Cascade road.

We wish a speedy recovery for Mary Lou Donaho who is out due to illness.

Who Is He?

There are men like him all over America . . . in the offices, in the shops . . . in the stores, on farms. He doesn't possess a fortune, nor does he have any special talents. He always puts in a day's work, but he still has time to listen to another person's troubles. He never turns down a friend or refuses a favor. He is seldom honored by his friends, yet he seems to get a big "kick" out of life. Everyone just says of him, "He's a Regular Guy."

Visitors To The Mills And Offices

From other sections of the Company:

W. S. Street, Frederick & Nelson; R. H. Tuttle, Zion Mill, Ill.; W. L. Pierce, New York Sales office; and T. Dohrman, New York Sales office.

From other Companies:

J. S. Bucknam, Emporium, San Francisco, Calif.; Stanley Tausend, Felix Tausend; Walter Schrader, J. P. Kinard; N. M. Mitchell, Barnes Textile Associates; and L. W. Carney, Barnes Textile Associates.

THE OPTIMIST CREED

Promise yourself—

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

—Christian D. Larson

"Optimist International"

"Why," said the wife to her harried husband, "do you bother yourself with figuring out all that income tax, dear? You know we can't afford it anyway."

LINCOLNIA

Stories About Lincoln That Live

President Lincoln was an unusually tall man, measuring all of six feet four. One day he met a soldier who was considerably taller than himself. Looking at him with admiration, Lincoln said; "Say, friend, does your head know when your feet are cold?"

* * *

Although Lincoln was both kind and generous, he often said that there was no act of man which was not prompted by some selfish motive. He was discussing this philosophy one day with a fellow-passenger in a stage.

As the stage rumbled past a muddy ditch, the passengers noticed a small pig caught fast in the mire, squealing and struggling to free himself. Many persons laughed heartily at the pig's plight, but Lincoln, then a lawyer, asked the driver to stop for a moment.

Jumping from the stage, he walked in the deep mud to the ditch, picked the little animal up and set it on solid ground. When he returned, the passenger with whom he had been talking remarked, "Now, you can't say that was a selfish act."

"Extremely selfish," replied Lincoln. "If I had left that little fellow in there the memory of his squealing would have made me uncomfortable all day. That is why I freed him."

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When the naval expedition which captured Port Royal departed, there was great curiosity concerning its destination. One extremely curious man asked President Lincoln where the expedition had gone.

"Will you keep it entirely secret?" asked Lincoln.

"Yes, sir, upon my honor."

"Well, said the President, "then I will tell you." Drawing the man close to him and assuming an air of great mystery, he then said in a loud whisper which was heard all over the room, "The expedition has gone to—sea."

Crew members of the B-29 that dropped the atomic bomb on Nagasaki all feel that the United States should keep the secret of this bomb and not pass information along to other countries.

Do You Know Me?

If you know me, you have a great many other friends. If you are young in age, yet know me, you are fortunate . . . many do not get acquainted with me until they are old in years. Through me, men are judged for what they are, not by their race or creed. Do you know me? I am TOLERANCE.