

**SEW IT SEAMS**

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COOKIE BROOKS, Editor

**Mail Clerk's Job  
Is Varied; Keeps  
Plants In Touch**

Wondering just what the job of mail clerk at Anvil Brand consists of, Sew It Seams asked Gerald Talley and came up with some surprising answers.

Gerald has been mail clerk here for three months. His day starts at 7 a. m. on Mondays. Tuesdays through Fridays he starts work about 7:30 a. m. and all his work days continue until around 5:15 or 5:30 p. m. His job requires a lot of walking, probably one reason why he stays so slender. But he does a lot of other things besides pick up and deliver inter-plant mail.

Here's a typical day experienced by our mail boy.

First thing in the mornings he sorts and opens all mail except the personal communications. This is given to Jim Thompson who sorts it and returns it to Gerald for delivery. He marks the mail orders for Mozelle Boyles in the sales department, the New York credit office communications to Ida Mary Fetner, the invoices to John Edwards in the purchasing department, and the salesmen's orders to Ken Poindexter. He packs his mail bag and is ready for the day's first delivery and pickup throughout the various departments.

He first goes through the Hudson division, delivering and picking up messages and mail that are being sent to other departments. Next he makes up a load for the White division and the sales office.

He goes through all departments at White, on up to sales, and then back to Hudson where he delivers whatever he has picked up.

Then the mail bag is loaded for a Sherrod delivery and pick up. By the time he gets back to the Hudson division it is usually around 10:20 a. m. He then starts mailing out invoices, acknowledgments, purchasing orders, and the like. At 11 a. m. he checks all Hudson offices, picking up any messages or instructions for a trip to town. He carries the company's bank deposit and usually makes a trip to Noble Praigg's office. Praigg is an advertising advisor for the company and has offices in the Security Bank Building.

He comes back by the post office, mailing any letters that need to go out and picks up mail from the Anvil Brand and Sherrod mail boxes. Lunch is worked in some place during the trip to town and the first thing on the afternoon agenda is to make another delivery to White division and sales. Sometimes this trip can be worked in before lunch.

Around 1:45 p. m. he starts the whole process over again with another trip to Sherrod worked in at around 2:30 p. m. Next he picks up the bills of lading, sorts and separates them, and attaches the bills with freight invoices. At 3:30 p. m. he starts another delivery and pick up through Hudson, White, and sales.

Next another mailing is prepared of invoices, purchasing orders, and the like. On Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays this outgoing mail is extra heavy due to price lists, communications, and the like that go to Anvil Brand salesmen and customers.

Gerald admits that a mail desk job keeps him "hopping," but he likes it. He has been on the job since April, coming to Anvil Brand from Burlington Mills.

While at Bur-Mil he also attended High Point College where his chief interest was math. His favorite leisure time activity is sports and his favorite girl is Jean Towery, of High Point.

Gerald is single and lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Talley, of Route 1, Kernersville.

**Ward Gets Orders**

The word from Grayson Ward is that he will be shoving off for Japan in a few weeks.

Grayson, who left the Hudson office about six months ago for service in the U. S. Army, has been stationed at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland for the past while.



**Sewing Up Sales**

by Hugh Webster

This is the plight of a traveling salesman!

Or, perhaps it should be entitled the woes of Anvil Brand's Dickie Hayes, who drives the advertising car.

On June 28 Dickie was up in Pennsylvania calling on customers and arranging Anvil Brand displays for them. His luck that day turned out to be so bad he sat down and wrote Ken Poindexter a funny account of the event — just to put himself in a better humor, no doubt. He says:

"Just a line to let you know of my good fortune. This afternoon I'm riding along, feeling good, everything going just fine — then I start hearing a hissing sound. Being in the middle of a town, I hunt a parking place on Main Street and pull over to investigate. The left rear tire is going down fast.

"I don't worry too much, because the account I'm hunting is just a couple of doors down and I figure I can have someone working on the tire.

"First, I call a dozen or so filling stations to come fix the tire. No one did that kind of work. This excuse, that excuse. I try a couple more, same verdict — can't do. I

begin to worry now and decide I'll do it myself.

"I borrow some tools from one of the filling stations and set out to make my conquest. I get the tire pulled, climb up under the truck to get the spare loose (the nuts holding it on were rusted), and, for all the bad words I had been saying, it started to rain.

"Here I am, lying in the gutter under the truck with those stubborn bolts fighting me and it starts to pour down. That helps! The water rushing down the street, trucks and cars flying down Main Street, which also is the main highway, splashing water all over me — and I still can't get that spare loose.

"Finally, I win. Soaking wet, chilled to the bone, I finally get the spare off. I put it on the truck and investigate the flat. Cause of it? You guessed it, the rim is split about a foot and a half.

"The moral to this story? Some days, it just don't pay to get out of bed."

**FOR SALE**

Gold fish, bait minnows of all kinds. See Earl Byerly in the cutting room at the Hudson division.



**SPEAK VOWS** — Cpl. Howard Baxter Shirley, Jr., son of Winnie Shirley of the dungaree department, was married to Miss Mildred Johnson at the First Baptist Church in Andrews, S. C., on June 12. Howard, who formerly worked in Aiken, S. C., has now entered the armed forces. He is stationed at Media, Pa.

**MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT—**  
(Continued from Page One)

for which we should be prayerfully grateful in 1954?

Sincerely yours,

*R. C. Kirchofer.*