



# The MILL WHISTLE

Marshall Field & Co., Manufacturing Division

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Number Five

## Capt. Tuttle Resigns State Guard Command

Due to press of business duties Captain R. H. Tuttle has resigned his post as commanding officer of the local unit of the N. C. State Guards. As head of the Marshall Field & Co. personnel department Mr. Tuttle found himself unable to devote sufficient time to the State Guards. First Lieutenant Virgil Hall, superintendent of the Karastan Mill, is acting commander.

### THE LOOM OF TIME

Note: This poem, sent to us by Mrs. Maude Pulliam, of the Woolen Mill, was written by an unknown poet and aptly illustrates life as compared with the patterns woven on looms.

Man's life is laid in the loom of time  
To a pattern he does not see,  
While the weavers work, and the  
shuttles fly,  
Till the dawn of eternity.

Some shuttles are filled with silver  
threads

And some with threads of gold,  
While often but the darker hues  
Are all that they may hold.

But the weaver watches with skillful  
eye  
Each shuttle fly to and fro;  
And sees the pattern so deftly wrought  
As the loom moves sure and slow.

God surely planned the pattern:  
Each thread, the dark and fair,  
Is chosen by His master skill  
And placed in the web with care.

He only knows its beauty,  
And guides the shuttles which hold  
The threads so unattractive,  
As well as the threads of gold.

Not 'till each loom is silent,  
And the shuttles cease to fly,  
Shall God reveal the pattern  
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads were as needful  
In the weaver's skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
For the pattern which he planned.

—Unknown.



Jacqueline Leigh Nolan, 15 months old, first prize winner among girl babies at the Rockingham County Fair, certainly deserves the honor. The little lady is thirty-one inches tall, weighs twenty-six pounds and has never known a day's illness. Small wonder that Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Nolan, the child's parents, are proud of her. Mr. Nolan works in the Accounting Dept., General Office, and you should see his eyes light up when he speaks of his fine little daughter.

## Father Of Local Man Passes Away

Sympathy of many Marshall Field & Field Co. friends is extended to H. E. Latham, employment manager of Spray office, in the death of his father, Frank Bell Latham, 65, former merchant and cotton broker of Wayne county, which occurred Sunday at his home in McLeansville. He had been in ill health for a long time.

## Marshall Field Blankets Durable

From Cumberland Mountain Sanatorium, Pleasant Hill, Tenn., comes a letter from Alice Adshead, registered nurse, who formerly worked for Marshall Field & Co., as a nurse at Draper. Miss Adshead's letter, addressed to J. Frank Wilson, follows:

UPLANDS

Cumberland Mountain Sanatorium  
Pleasant Hill, Tenn.

Sept. 2, 1942

Mr. Frank Wilson,  
Dear Sir:

In this hospital on the mountain, blankets are precious to us, but we are returning this one to you because we think it would be an object of interest to your people.

We bought it from you in 1922 when the present hospital was built and it has seen 20 years of hardest wear and continuous use and, as you see, it is not done yet. Though frayed at the edges it is still whole and still usable. Could one ask more for a blanket?

Cordially yours,  
(Signed) ALICE, ADSHEAD, R.N.

## School Opens In Tri-Cities

Contrary to the general belief that children dread the opening of school the young folks in the Tri-Cities flocked eagerly to their schools when the opening bell rang Tuesday morning.

Now-a-days few children dislike school, for aside from class work there is plenty to catch and hold the interest of the student so that teachers and pupils work in the perfect harmony that goes so far towards making the Tri-Cities schools among the best in the state.

While there are quite a few new teachers in our schools most of the old teachers are back for another year.

Traffic Cop—Hey, you can't make a right turn here.

Motorist—Why not?

Traffic Cop—Because a right turn is wrong here—the left turn is right—if you want to turn right turn left and then—aw, go ahead!