

NEW PERSONNEL OFFICES

(Continued From Page One)

will again take you in charge and first thing you know you're a member of the Marshall Field & Company organization. (By the way, it is impossible for this writer to go anywhere in Leaksville alone without being asked: "Where is Roger?")

Before we go to the next office stop a minute and look at the display of goods we produce. In a glassed-in show window there are several articles that are made in our mills. This is to show prospective workers the type of goods they will soon be helping to produce.

Next to Mrs. Winecoff's office is the office of the Employment Manager, H. E. (Chug) Latham. Just why we call Chug our "Employment Manager" we never could quite figure out, as he has charge of a dozen things, including records of this, that, and everything. We'd call him our "Record Manager." And he's one of the busiest fellows in the building.

Next to Mr. Latham's is the Personnel office where records, etc., are kept. This room is to the department what the heart is to the body. If you want to find out who, where, when, what, and how, this office is the place to learn it. If you are, or have ever been, an employee of Marshall Field & Company you can bet your boots that everything about you from your birth place to the things you like best are recorded somewhere in that room. And the room has a most capable bunch of good looking girls to keep these records straight. As you passed through Mr. Latham's door you will see at the first desk (and remember that we are still following the L—all of these offices are on the left as you enter) Dorothy Grogan and Ruth Brown. At the next desk is Velma Newman and next to her is Bettye Jones. The next desk is Kathleen Wise's, and Jeanette Edwards (our "Miss Nantucket Building" in the Beauty Contest) occupies the desk next to Kathleen. Next desk is Cuma Odell and the last one—but not the least!—is occupied by Patsy Mabe. A swell bunch of gals, and listen, wolves, don't waste any time fooling around there for they haven't any time to waste, either. (We found that out by actual experience.)

Now we come to the first "rough" edge of the L. Across the hall from the Personnel office is the Store Room, where old records, and odds and ends that cannot be thrown away, are stored. Still across the hall, and adjoining the Store Room is the office of W. B. Weaver. Mr. Weaver, like Mr. Latham, has a dozen or more things under his supervision, but we know him best as Safety Director, head of the Spray Civic Association, District Governor of Rotary, and swell fellow de luxe. Bert is, at one and the same time, the best friend and severest

critic of the Mill Whistle.

Jumping back to our L we come to the corner, a corner that embraces the well appointed office of our Director of Industrial and Public Relations Macon P. Miller. Although he hasn't been with us very long, Macon Miller has carved a place for himself that will be difficult to fill. He's a bundle of dynamic energy and even the notoriously lazy editor of the Mill Whistle feels peppy after talking with him.

The next office is that of Elizabeth Storm, efficient secretary to Mr. Miller and Mr. Thomas. Lib is the capable type of girl who can handle everything without seeming to be rushed.

Next is the office of J. O. Thomas, Personnel Manager. Just back from the Army—with the rank of Captain—Oscar Thomas fitted into his old job like ink fits in a pen. Much of his time just now is spent in talking with ex-servicemen returning to the Company. Incidentally, he also served in World War I.

Appropriately enough, a thick brick wall separates the office of Mr. Thomas from the next one, which is occupied—once in a while—by J. U. Newman, Jr., editor of the Mill Whistle. Let's skip this, for unless we can say something good about a fellow it's best to say nothing.

The last office—at the apex of the L—is that of J. W. East. Jim East handles the Mutual Aid affairs as well as Village Repairs. This is just a part of his duties for he's President of Central Y.M.C.A. among other things.

Across the hall is the Medical department, that vitally important part of any great industrial plant. And while the Nurse in charge, Jane Reynolds, is a tiny woman there is nothing tiny about the way she administers to patients and runs her department. When Jane is away Catherine Mangum takes over, and Catherine knows her stuff!

Well, that's all of it—of the Personnel, we mean. When we get our breath we'll take you over the rest of the building—if you're still willing.

Drop in sometime.

RAYON MILL

(Continued from Page 2)

Leaksville hospital. We hope she will soon be back with us.

The Army's loss is our gain. We have Les Flinn back on the job, while Eddie Ferguson and Wilbur Joyce will be back Monday.

Mrs. Edith Herco and son, Michael, have joined Mr. Herco in Souix City, Iowa, where they will make their new home.

Mark Twain once said: "When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."

"I Know Something Good About You"

Wouldn't this old world be better,
If the folks we met would say:
"I know something good about you,"
And treat us just that way!

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each handclasp warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance,
"I know something good about you!"

Wouldn't things here be more pleasant
If the good that's in us all,
Were the only things about us
That folks bother to recall!

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we'd praise the good we see!
For there's lots of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
This fine way of thinking, too;
"You know something good about me,
I know something good about you!"

QUOTES:

Time with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose sole employment is to watch its flight.—Johnson.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used 'til they are seasoned.—O. W. Holmes.

He that loses wealth, loses much; he that loses friends, loses more; but he that loses his spirits, loses all.—Spanish Maxim.

Miss Hull: "I thought I saw you taking a gentleman into the side parlor last night, Miss Fluffduff?"

Miss Fluffduff: "Yeah, that's what I thought."

Steno: "I wish to buy a fashionable dress."

Clerk: "Yes, miss, will you have it too tight, too short or both?"

She: "Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they don't go."

He: "So what?"

She: "So you had better go."

He: "The contralto sure had a large repertoire."

She: "Yes, and her dress only made it look worse."

It was two o'clock in the morning. The writer looked haggard and worn. For twenty-four hours without a pause he had been working on his new novel.

"Darling," said his wife, "Are you coming to bed?"

"No," muttered the busy author, "I've got the pretty girl in the clutches of the villain and I want to get her out."

"How old is the girl?" asked the wife.

"Twenty-two," replied the writer.

"Then put out the lights and get in bed," snapped the wife. "She's old enough to take care of herself."