

The MILL WHISTLE

Issued Every Two Weeks By and For the Employees of
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

MANUFACTURING DIVISION

SPRAY, NORTH CAROLINA

J. U. NEWMAN JR., Editor

"FOR HE'S A GOOD FELLOW": Not so long ago everybody said that about Jim Blank. Jim was really a good fellow, a good friend, a good fellow worker. He was one of the best liked men in our organization. Whenever a civic movement, a sports event, or a drive, or anything that affected the community was afoot Jim was always among the first to be called on, and he was always ready to cooperate.

Of late, however, Jim seems to have changed. He is still one of the most valuable men in our organization, one of the men who can be depended on to do a good job and do it every day. But **something** has changed. The boys no longer seek Jim's company. He isn't asked to help out in community events any more. In fact, you can see him sitting alone in a corner of the room eating his lunch, gazing moodily into space, or taking a nap during lunch period.

What happened? Jim himself was the first to ask the question of himself but could find no answer. And because he didn't know the answer it seemed to him that his former friends were deliberately avoiding him; even going out of their way to keep from being thrown into his company.

Unknown to Jim the answer was right there all the time. It was quite simple. For some reason Jim, the erstwhile "good fellow" suddenly became conscious of his popularity with others, of his value to the community. If, he reasoned, he was so well liked, there must be something about him that others of lesser clay lacked. In short, he got the idea that he was pretty much of a guy and that from now on he owed it to himself to act the part.

So Jim began thinking more about Jim and less about his friends. He became inconsiderate. True, he did his own work as efficiently as ever, but he no longer gave the other fellow a helping hand. He rode to work in his car but he no longer picked up his friends because he felt they didn't appreciate him—and to blazes with them!

His friends, of course, were the first to notice the change. They were quick to realize that Jim was a far different man from the one they had known and liked so well. To them it appeared that Jim deliberately shunned them, while the truth was that Jim, unaware of the change in himself, got the idea that his friends were shunning him. So he was hurt, naturally, and took to avoiding his friends, sticking closely to his own work and minding his own business.

The pity of it is that Jim Blank is still a good fellow at heart. He misses the companionships of former days; misses bowling with the boys, the good natured "give-and-take" during lunch hour. Most of all he misses the opportunity of doing some good in his community. In his heart he is still loyal to his friends, to his company, and home town. But until he realizes his one glaring fault he will never again be the popular man he once was.

That one fault is inconsideration. There is nothing in the world more annoying to one's closest associates—be they neighbors or fellow workers—than inconsideration. All that Jim Blank—and the hundreds of other Jim Blanks—need do is to be considerate of the rights, thoughts, and trials of his friends. He must realize again (as he seems to have forgotten) that the only way any man can have a friend is to be one himself.

Jim must be considerate. He must tolerate the faults of others as he wishes others to tolerate his own faults. It was when Jim got the idea that he had no faults (because people liked him so well) that he began to lose his friends.

Woolen Mill

By Iris Smith

Well, your Woolen Mill reporter has come to life again. I think for the last two issues everyone here had "spring fever," but from now on we will snap out of it and try to give out with some news.

Mr. and Mrs. Obe Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John Hubbard and family were the supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bryant Sunday night.

What's this we hear about a certain man from the office making so many trips to Fieldale? Could it be work or something else?

It seems like Harvey Shivley has a good way of killing chickens—so if you have one you want killed, just call Harvey. He will be glad to do it for you.

A. J. Kendrick, of the Cloth rooms, tells us that there is going to be a new dry cleaning plant opened in Draper. The plant will be owned and operated by the Kendrick Brothers. The opening date of the plant will appear in The Leaksville News.

Mr. Woodson Vernon and Mrs. Opal Bateman were the Sunday supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt, Jr.

Mrs. Sadie Light and Mr. Ben Strutton are on our sick list this week. Wish you both a speedy recovery and hope you can be back with us before long.

Clothing items must be hard to get in Leaksville—or at least these boys say so. Russell Murphy, Calvin Evans and Jack Light hitch-hiked to Danville, Va., Saturday just to buy one pair of socks. Maybe if you boys didn't have such big feet you would get along better.

We would like to welcome Mrs. Kathrine Quesenbury to our office. Hope you enjoy working with us as much as we enjoy having you.

T/5 James R. Turner is spending a 30-day furlough with his wife, Sarah Turner, of the Inspecting department.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard Winecoff celebrated their first wedding anniversary March 21. They spent their second honeymoon at Gatlinburg, Tenn.

If anyone would like to buy "a good mess of cressies," see Woodson Vernon or Opal Bateman. It looks like they were getting a good lesson in picking them Sunday evening.

Misses Iris and Frances Smith were the week-end guests of Miss Grace Smith of Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Hodnett, of Danville, Va., announce the engagement of their daughter, Peggy Rebecca, to Robert Arnold Leffew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Leffew, of Leaksville. The wedding will take place April 16 in Danville. Mr. Leffew is employed in the Inspecting department.

Well, folks, with this issue I resign from the staff of The Mill Whistle. I wish the new reporter much success in his new job.