

CHARTER MEMBERS OF CAROLINA COUNCIL

Man



James M. Norman, Jr., was born in Henry County, Virginia. Began working for the Company in 1918. Worked for du Pont Powder Company during World War I and was Purchasing Agent for the city of Greensboro for two years. Returned to Marshall Field & Co. to work in Bedsread office. Has served several responsible positions, and was made Plant Manager of the Woolen and Karastan mills in 1942. He is now Plant Manager of the Karastan mill, Leaksville.

J. Will Patterson was born in Henry County, Virginia. Came to Spray and was employed in the Nantucket mill on January 1, 1903. When the Nantucket mill closed he was transferred to the Blanket mill, Draper, on July 22, 1937, as a mechanic in the shop. Still on that job. Charter member of the 25-Year Club with approximately 44 years of continuous service.

Ernest D. Pitcher was born in Marseilles, Illinois, and started working for the Company in the Cashier's department, Chicago office, on January 31, 1885, thus being the oldest employee in point of service in the Manufacturing Division. Came to Spray January 1, 1909. Served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Carolina Cotton and Woolen mill until the property was transferred to Marshall Field & Co. in 1934. At present he is Finance Manager of the Manufacturing Division and one of the most universally known and respected men in the organization. Charter member of the 25-Year Club with approximately 62 years of continuous service.



Carolyn Mae Powell is the eleven months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lonzie Powell, of Spray. As the picture was made over a month ago the little lady will have passed her first milestone by now. Daddy works in the Blanket Mill.



Johnny Melton Bryant, who celebrated his first birthday on March 5, 1946. The young fellow is the son of Bill Bryant, of the Rayon Mill, and Mrs. Octavia Bryant, of the Karastan Mill. Many happy returns, Johnny.

Man is what a woman married. Men have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar button or one idea at the time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material; the only difference is that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy, surrounded with suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties—prize, surprise and consolation prize. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture and common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity. It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet-smelling thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby chinned, tobacco and bay-rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown toque and tailor-made suits, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are the modern type, an advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are surly he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you are not he hesitates to marry a wallflower. If you please him, he seldom mentions it, but if you displease he never fails to tell you about it, especially if you are his wife.

That's all.

—Author Unknown

"I hold in my hand a bright shining silver dollar," announced the candidate to a group of young citizens. "That dollar goes to the youngster who is level-headed enough to belong to the same political party as I do."

Then, turning to a bright young boy at his left, the candidate asked, "To what political party do you belong, son?"

"What's yours?" inquired the bright opportunist.

Gentleman (at the police station): "Could I see the man who was arrested for robbing our house last night?"

Desk Sergeant: "This is very irregular. Why do you want to see him?"

Gentleman: "I want to ask him how he got in without awakening my wife."