

E. D. Pitcher, Nearing Retirement Recalls Associations of 61 Years

E. D. Pitcher, who has achieved the distinction of having more than 61 years of continuous service with Marshall Field and Company, will retire June 30 of this year under the Company's Pension Plan. Looking back over his associations since joining the Company in 1885 and in anticipation of his approaching retirement, Mr. Pitcher has written an expression of his feelings to Vice-President and General Manager Luther H. Hodges. The letter, and Mr. Hodges' reply, follow below:

Spray, N. C.
April 10, 1946.

Mr. Luther H. Hodges, General Mgr.
Marshall Field & Company
Manufacturing Division
88 Worth Street
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Hodges:

As the time approaches for my retirement from active work, after 61 years of continuous service, I feel that I must express to you my feelings on such an event in my life. I shall miss the daily contacts with associates with whom I have worked for so many years. I am, however, looking forward to my retirement and the opportunity to do many of the things that I have felt heretofore I have not had the time to do. I shall still consider myself a part of the Marshall Field organization, however. My work with you and my associates has been most pleasant.

I think that the establishment of the Pension Plan is one of the many big things and forward steps which Marshall Field & Company has taken. Our Company since its organization has constantly gone forward, and I have the confidence that it will continue to do so. I believe that industry will follow the lead which our Company has set.

It is but right and fair, I think, that the younger men in the organization be given a chance and that those of us, as we reach retirement age, should step aside so that they may advance and the Company can maintain younger men and women, who, by virtue of their age, are more vigorous.

From the standpoint of the employee, I think that the Pension Plan is liberal and if employees stick with the Company and plan for their future, buy a home and save money, when they reach age sixty-five there is no reason why they cannot have a feeling of security with ample provision made for their old age, through the Company retirement plan and Social Security benefits. My suggestion to employees would be that they buy a home and make such savings as they reasonably can, and, if that is done, old age will not be something to be dreaded but looked upon with a great deal of pleasure and happiness. They will be permitted to retire and enjoy a leisure, with activity along the lines anticipated, but, as I have stated above, never felt that we had the



E. D. PITCHER

time to indulge in.

I congratulate the Company upon the step that it has taken in establishing a retirement program, believing that it will work to the benefit both of the Company and its employees.

Most sincerely,

(Signed) ERNEST D. PITCHER.

New York, N. Y.
April 29, 1946.

Dear Mr. Pitcher:

Your recent letter to me about your retirement was greatly appreciated. If there is anyone connected with our Company that has an understanding of what a long and pleasant association means to an employee it must be you. I am, therefore, not greatly surprised to have you say such fine things about Marshall Field & Company and the Retirement Program which is provided for all of us.

Our Company has always tried to be a leader and I hope it will continue to have that spirit. I trust that your other associates who are also going to retire on June 30, have the same good feeling toward the Company that you have expressed in your letter. Naturally, none of us want to leave a good Company where we have worked pleasantly for such a long time. On the other hand,

as you say, to many of us the retirement benefits come as a welcome relief for our old age and it is only fair that we continue to make way for younger men and women who are coming along.

Please accept my very best wishes for your continued good health and happiness.

Sincerely yours,

LUTHER H. HODGES.

Spring Cleaning

By FRANK HOWARD

I wonder why a woman waits until the prettiest day of the year comes along before she starts her spring cleaning. Now you get all the rugs up and take them outside, curtains must come down—just slip them off the rods and when you finish with the book case please remove the pictures, turn all the chairs upside down and remember, dear, the lawn should be mowed.

Yes sir, that fellow was right, there ain't no place like home. What a relief to get outside, fresh air, flowers blooming. You drag the old mower out; its a bit rusty but enough oil on it works wonders. A bird sings from the top of a full bloomed apple tree—boy what a contrast.

Around the house you go, you stop and look back to see how the old machine is working and there at a distance stands your old friend barking at you, you snap your finger, he sniffs a time or two, he comes a little closer, slap your hand on your knee and he bounces right up in your face, happy to greet you. Boy, what fellowship you have right there until—another thing I wish you would do for me, move this piece of shrubbery from over there to right here. I think it will look much better, then you can see it from the bedroom window.

She knows as well as you do that two years ago you moved it from over there to where it is. You will find pick and shovel under the house. Well sir, after you get out from under there you look more like a rat than you do a human being. Now every thing is finished, you swell up with pride as you look back over your well finished job. You grab for the screen door, you find it hooked, then you have to knock to get into your own house. Don't come in this way looking like that and run that old dog off the porch and please take off your shoes on the back door steps.

Well, you pet your old friend on the head, he looks up at you with sad eyes but he understands as he heads for the back alley and you for the back door. You tip toe in, the only thing you are able to recognize is the bath tub, no wrench could be found to fit the pipe connections was what kept it intact.

Who was the fellow who wrote—In the spring a young man's fancy—well, it ain't so noway.