

**People You Know**



Miss Phoebe Bicks Trevathan came to work at the Caromount Division in 1942 where she learned to frame cloth in the Final Examining Department. She has continued her work in the same department without interruption to the present time.

Phoebe was born April 16, 1912, the second of three children of Robert Dempsey Trevathan and Mrs. Viola Edwards Trevathan in Rocky Mount, North Carolina where she has continued to live. She graduated from Rocky Mount High School and worked for the W. P. A. Mattress Factory for a few months in 1935.

Between 1935 and the time that she came to work for Sidney Blumenthal and Company Inc., Phoebe was keeping house for her mother and father with whom she lives at 814 Peachtree Street.

Besides her work at Caromount and helping to keep house now, Phoebe says that she has little time for outside activity. She has a big vegetable garden which she cares for; and in addition to this she especially likes to raise flowers. She does more with iris and roses than any other flowers.

Phoebe expressed a liking for baseball but added that she seldom had the opportunity to see any games because she works the second shift. She also enjoys crocheting doilies and baby sets; and takes orders for both of these. Phoebe said that she especially enjoyed going to the picture show.

William Trevathan (weaving, third shift) and Robert Trevathan (Engineering), brothers of Phoebe Trevathan, both have been employed at Caromount for many years.

Phoebe is associated with the North Rocky Mount Baptist Church.

**Weaving Dept**

**First Shift  
Post-Harvest Barbecue**

Woodard L. Parker recently gave a post-harvest barbecue. Those present from Caromount were Hubert Sutton, Paul Parker, Randolph Sutton, Owen Solmon and Eddie Parker.

**A Narrow Escape**

Passell Brantley (Weaveshed) says that he is about through with fishing at Pungo River. On a recent trip there he was caught out in the river when the water was rough, and his motor broke down. Passell said that he wouldn't have given two cents for his chances then; but he is mighty glad he came through ail right.

**Birthday Dinner**

Several of the Weaveshed boys recently attended N. G. Mosley's birthday dinner. Mr. Mosley had benches out in his front yard and served barbecue and brunswick stew to several hundred guests. Among those present were, from Caromount: Owen Solmon and his guest, Bill Baldwin; Randolph Sutton, Hubert Sutton, Earl Wallace, Merle Wallace, Lester Vick, Coy Trye, Frank Ashby, W. L. Parker and Jim Spight.

*A Beautiful Day*

It was a beautiful day and Coy Trye and Owen Solmon (Weaveshed) couldn't resist trying their luck with the rod and reel. They started out in a boat together at Columbia and were peacefully fishing. Their was no rough weather and the water was as calm as they had ever seen it. They were so contented because everything was so perfect that nothing could disturb them.

Then all of a sudden, right out of a clear sky, it happened. For no reason at all Coye fell out of the boat into the water; and according to Sol he went clear out of sight. After scrambling back into the boat and getting all settled to start fishing again; Coy falls right out of the boat again. This time he went even farther under. (All this is according to Sol—Coy said that Sol caused him to fall out the second time.)

That was the last time, too. Luckily it was a warm day and Coy dried out in a short while with no ill effects. He did lose his rod and reel in the mishap; but he hopes that the people whom they rented the boat from will find it later. But in the meantime he had to paddle while Sol enjoyed good fishing. Is there any wonder that Sol pushed him out?

**Chiming Bells**

In a far and distant city,  
I was home-sick and lone;  
It was on a Sunday morning,  
I heard an old familiar tone.

'Twas the Church bells gaily ringing,

Playing hymns I love to hear;  
And at once my memory traveled,  
Back home and those held dear.

Amazing Grace and Jesus calls us,  
Over life's tempestous sea;  
Come thy fount of every blessing,  
Nearer, Nearer My God to Thee.

Yes the bells kept on playing,  
All the day, into the night,  
Then I turned my footsteps homeward,  
For with God I'd made it right.

Years have passed but still the music,  
None on earth can sweeter be;  
Bring its message of Salvation,  
Simply Nearer my God to Thee.

John W. Adkins,  
Roseboro, N. C.

*Over and Over*

The wind up, the throw. It's gone, it's gone! The sun was shining, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was just a beautiful day. Everyone was having a wonderful time.

Every once in a while someone would let out a "Boy, that's a beauty" or "Why can't I do that" and then everything was quiet for a while.

Yes, it was a beautiful day for baseball or maybe fishing. I didn't see the wind up or the the pitch; but I did hear the "It's gone!! It's gone!! and so I looked up and it was gone. Yes, gone over the side one rod and reel.

So as you look around you might see someone jumping up and down, swing one arm over head. Don't worry, it's just the wind up.

James Hollingsworth  
Weaveshed

(A former soldier)

This poem was turned in by  
F. F. Simmons (Weaving).

**The History of Cotton Textiles**

NO. 5 OF A SERIES

BY ANDREW L. PETERSEN

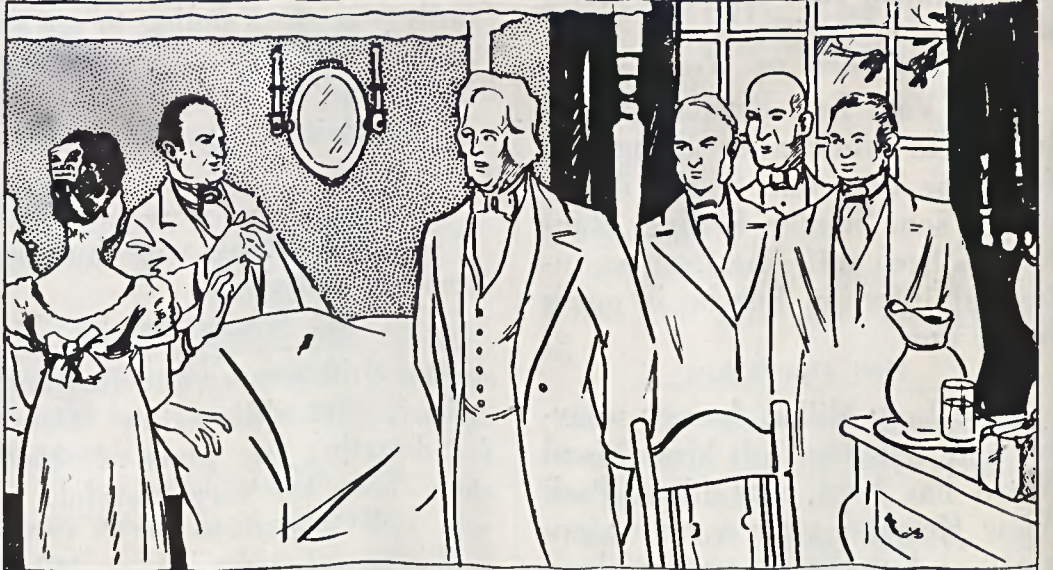
Soon after he introduced modern textile manufacturing methods to America, Samuel Slater took the lead in expanding cotton spinning mills throughout New England. He saw the industry grow from this single mill in Pawtucket to more than 100 factories in Rhode Island and nearby and nearby states. Slater and his associates also became the first large-scale builders of textile machinery and today he is known as "The Father of American Manufacturing."



SLATER'S WIFE MADE THE FIRST SEWING THREAD IN THIS COUNTRY BY TWISTING YARNS TOGETHER ON HER SPINNING WHEEL.



ONE OF AMERICA'S FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOLS WAS ESTABLISHED BY SLATER FOR HIS EMPLOYEES AND THEIR CHILDREN



LEADERS OF THE NATION, INCLUDING PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON, HONOR SLATER AT HIS SICK BED AS THE "FATHER" OF TEXTILES.