

The MILL WHISTLE

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J. U. NEWMAN, JR., Editor

WE'RE THANKFUL! As the Thanksgiving season approaches it might not be a bad idea for us to pause a few minutes and reflect on all the things we really do have to be thankful for. As we sit down to a fine dinner, with most of our loved ones around us, we might glance at the good things on our tables and remember the picture on the front page of our newspapers a few days ago showing an entire family in India lying on the sidewalk, too weak from hunger to move. As we bow our head in thanks we might remember that in nearly every country on earth except our own, millions of families are sitting down to a poorly provisioned table, living in daily dread of a bomb that will leave destruction and death in the home. And when we've finished our dinner we might remember that the remainder of the day is ours to do as we wish; to rest, sleep, play; while in other countries there is never a holiday, never a time to rest or play and very little time to sleep.

Tomorrow when we go to work we might remember that we are working under the most modern conditions, that every precaution has been taken to insure our comfort and safety as we work for the highest wages on earth. Compare this with conditions in other countries; with forced labor at small pay, with never knowing at what moment a bomb or shell will totally destroy their working places and possibly their lives. Compare it with the conditions under which our sons, daughters and loved ones in the service live. And again, compare it with those countries where factories have been destroyed, food supplies cut off.

When our eight hours of work are over we might remember that for the next sixteen hours we are our own masters. The laws and customs of our country decree that this be true, provided we do not break these laws and customs. Compare that with conditions abroad. When work is done where do the workers go? What do they eat? Where do they find relaxation? The answer, pitifully true, is that they return to shells of what was once a happy home, eat whatever they can manage to find, and for relaxation they have nothing but to sit and think—and who can even imagine the things of which they may be thinking?

Compare that with our thoughts, with the plans for driving a few miles out in the country to spend the day with the old folks; of going to the football game, the dance, the movies, or just lazing around the house and resting. Knowing all the while, of course, that tomorrow will be just another day as today, that our jobs will be waiting for us—jobs that the average European would give ten years of his life to possess for one year.

Some of us, thoughtlessly perhaps, will say that these are simply conditions that happen; that it is our good fortune not to be located on the other side of the Atlantic. In a way that may be true. Yet is there any the less reason to be very thankful that it is this way?

Again, things do not "just happen". Somebody or something makes them happen. Even the scoffers must admit that there is some power that controls the destinies of people and nations. You and I did not decree that we should be born in America. We did not decree that America should lie on this side of the Atlantic. We had nothing to do with that.

Which is all the more reason why we should offer our thanks to the Power that did create things as they are. And as Americans you and I, and all real Americans, should pause on this Thanksgiving Day and thank the Big Fellow for all of our blessings—for all ten million of them.

Nantucket Building

By Walter Gardner

(Ed. Note: Our staff photographer, Walter Gardner, is filling in for Mrs. Kirby while she enjoys a well earned vacation. After reading this column you can decide for yourself whether Walter, as a writer, is a good photographer or vice versa.)

Ho, hum, here it is the deadline, and ye substitute reporter has no news. Maybe that is news. Nellie Kirby, our excellent scribe, is off to New York on vacation accompanied by the good wishes of the entire building (everyone likes Nellie) and the admonition to have a good time. I'll wager that she teaches New York the southern drawl. I overheard several people tell her to bring presents back from New York. Memo: Must write to Stanley Kramer and ask what presents they have in New York. (Aside to editor, please put New York in caps as most New Yorkers like it thought big.)

Personnel said "no news", but it didn't take long to elicit the info that Chug Latham's house is posted by the fire department because his wife is away and he is doing the cooking. Chug, you might borrow John Powell's washing machine, and Howard Sheffield's apron for the duration. One word of advice—don't forget your ration coupons when you go to the store.

It seems as though Stella Jones, Hilda Redmond and Jeanette Edwards went to Charlotte Saturday. Shopping so they say. With six weeks to Xmas is it too early to hint? Hope not.

Livia Taylor went to Danville and had a seat both ways (advertisement I reckon). Cuma Odell and Velma Newman smile cryptically and say "no news". Bert Weaver seems to be going around at full steam again, and Dick Tuttle was busy dictating, so I reluctantly wended my way past Pete Holmes, who is just recovering from a "cold in da nobe", at least that's what it sounded like.

Mr. Newman (ye editor) just went past. I wonder if he recovered from his trip to Fieldale for photographs. After four hours of walking, coaxing people and buildings to pose he said, quote, "I'd rather write, it's less work!" Tee Hee! All those muscles couldn't hurt, or can they?

Mr. Humbert is still away from the office up in the wilds of New York, I believe. Engineering seems busy. Thought I might catch some off first base but didn't. Margaret Barker broke her glasses and immediately four engineers vied to fix them so as to help her typing, I guess. She ordered a new pair for spares after the others were mended.

Red Byrd says he is too busy working to have news happen. Red, why don't you tell us before news happens?

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