

# The MILL WHISTLE

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

SPRAY, North Carolina

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**THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT EVER:** It seems quite appropriate that our Retirement Program should go into effect about this time of the year. Nothing the Company could do for its employees could be more in the nature of a grand Christmas gift. It isn't a gift that is soon used and then forgotten. Just the opposite. The more it is used the more valuable, and appreciable it will become.

At first glance it would seem that this gift is for our older employees only; those who are nearing the 65th milepost. That is far from being the case. It is for our younger and middle aged employees just as much, if not more, than the older ones. Let's suppose you are between thirty-five and forty-five years of age, and you've been with the Company between five and ten years. Looking ahead it seems a mighty long time before you'll be eligible for retirement. It really does look that way, but after forty the years have a habit of slipping by mighty fast; so fast that before you know it you find yourself approaching that age where work seems doubly hard and your muscles no longer respond as they once did.

All right, you're between thirty-five and forty-five. Before the Retirement Program went into effect you were raising your family. That costs plenty. Living costs have gone away up; that, too, costs plenty. There are other bills, many of them, and some of them are shattering. You can see nothing ahead but days of toil, of working to pay your bills. You see only an endless procession of work days, of pay days that mean only that you can pay off a few more dollars on your debts. You've nothing in the world to look forward to because you know that you'll have to keep on working as long as you are able to walk and use your hands.

Soon, too soon, you're approaching sixty. You'll only be able to work a few more years at the most. After that, what? Who is going to take care of you? You've nothing saved; you'll have no money for even the barest living expenses. So what? So you either have to live with your children (and no matter how much they think of you, you'll never be a welcome permanent guest in their homes) or live on charity. Do thoughts like these make a better or worse worker of a person? It not only affects his work and mind but it ages him long before his time. So far as his future life is concerned he is through at fifty.

Our Retirement Program—the result of several years of study on the part of Mr. McBain and other executives who have our welfare at heart—changes all of that. The worker between thirty-five and forty with ten years, more or less of employment, can put aside all worries about what will happen to him when he is no longer able to work. He will live in security, assured of enough money to pay his expenses and perhaps put away a few dollars. For by the time he reaches retirement age he will have amassed over 25 years of service.

Think of it, folks! Think of the peace of mind it gives us all to know that our old age will be one of rest, of freedom from worry. We can start planning right now what we want to do when we've reached retirement age—and do it! There's no longer any "ifs", "buts", and "maybes". We can start looking to that day, and work contentedly in the knowledge that people will not have to look at us pityingly and say: "Isn't it a shame that that old man has to work. Why, he can hardly get around."

To those younger employees the prospect is still brighter. For each year adds to the total they have worked; worked towards a bright and carefree future.

## TOOTS

From the General Office

By L. H. Sheffield

I have about reached the conclusion that this column is improperly named. It should be titled "Through the Kitchen Window"—Since every one seems to be trying to stay out of the news, around the General Office, I find it rather difficult to do any "Tooting."

An unanswered question is still worrying a lot of folks around the General Office. Why is John Geer so opposed to inviting the wives to the Christmas party?

It looks like Joe Lindsay really meant it when he said that he was through with Victory gardens. As I look through my kitchen window I see nice green grass beginning to peep up through the ground where only a few weeks ago there was an abundance of nice green vegetables.

Had a good story for last issue of the Whistle but was offered such a good price to kill it I couldn't resist—Needed the money. Santa Claus, you know—Speaking of Santa Claus, I hear that Joe Ragsdale is telling his youngsters that Santa has been drafted and that there won't be any Christmas this year—Shame on you, Joe.

With nuts, raisins, sugar, fruits, etc., so hard to get I wonder if I am going to be able to do my usual Christmas baking?

I believe that that eminent correspondent at 82 Worth Street has a sadistic streak in him. Otherwise why would he continue to torture us by reminding us of **stuff** that can't be bought in North Carolina.

We hope that some one will remind Mildred Heiner not to hang HER stocking up for Christmas. There is a shortage of everything, Mildred, and we are sure that you won't want to be too greedy.

V . . . —

Nurse: Bobby! what would your father say if he saw you had broken that branch off?

Bobby: He'd say trees are not so well make now as they were before the war.

V . . . —

"How come you don't like girls?"

"Oh, they're too biased."

"Biased?"

"Yes, biased. Its bias this and bias that till I'm broke."

V . . . —

"I turned the way I signalled," said the lady indignantly.

"Don't I know it!" retorted the man.

"That's what fooled me."

V . . . —

We've got the Axis on the run . . . let's catch 'em and whip 'em with more War Bonds!