

# The MILL WHISTLE

Issued Every Two Weeks By and For the Employees of

**MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY**

MANUFACTURING DIVISION

Spray - - North Carolina

J. U. NEWMAN, JR. - - Editor

**Who Are You Working For?**—That's the question asked of a certain man we all know pretty well. His reply was: "Marshall Field & Co." The next question was: "How do you like working for them?" He shrugged, "Oh, pretty fair. I've worked for better companies and got more money, but guess they're all right." Perhaps if we could look at this man's record card it would go something like this: Bill Blank, skilled worker. Works very well but not particularly interested in his job. Likes to change; has worked for company at various times, never satisfied to remain long, etc., etc.

The same question was asked another man well known to us all: "Who are you working for?" "Nobody", was his astonishing reply. "What do you mean, you're not working at all, or that you own your business?" "No, that isn't what I mean. You asked who I am working FOR. If you'd asked who I'm working WITH my answer would have been different. Maybe the real truth is that I work for my wife and kids, but when you ask me if I work for any company I must say I certainly do not."

Let's get more of this man's point of view. In the first place he tells us, he is hired by his company to do a certain job. He is to furnish the skill and brains; the company is to furnish the machinery, floor space and sufficient safety guards to permit him to work in safety. In return for the work he performs the company pays him a stipulated salary. So, he reasons, he and his company work together to produce certain goods. He isn't a slave; no one stands over him constantly telling him what to do and what not to do. So he feels that he and the company have entered into a contract to produce goods; that one without the other would be helpless. He knows the company is as dependent on him to get out the goods as he is dependent on them to furnish him the material and the salary on which he and his family must live. No he's not working FOR the company but WITH them. Together they form what is generally known as "the company".

Let's go back to Bill Blank. When his eight hours of work are over Bill feels he is his own man and needs relaxation. He has done his day's work—but not an iota more than absolutely necessary. Why, he reasons, should he do any extra work when he doesn't get any more pay for it? So he goes to the shows, pool rooms, or hangs around the stores talking to the boys. Or perhaps, he just goes home and lies around resting. He's satisfied to be just Bill Blank.

The other man doesn't see things that way. He reasons that anything he does to improve his work, improve the goods he is producing, will benefit the company, and what benefits the company will eventually benefit him. So he spends a lot of his spare time studying ways and means of improving his work; making himself more valuable to his company.

Don't waste pity on him! He's wasting it on you. He enjoys life, for he feels he is putting as much into life as he is taking from it. He's happy, contented. He attends ball games, movies, church and civic functions, but he is always on the alert for new ideas, new ways of improving himself and his work. Neither this company or any other company will willingly part with that man.

## TOOTS From the General Office

Mr. Howard Sheffield,  
General Office,  
Marshall Field & Co.  
Dear Mr. Sheffield:

You have a pretty good method of presenting the news in your column and it would be very interesting if your readers could get the paper about two or three weeks earlier than they do. Instead of "Toots from the General Office," why don't you call your column "Dear Diary." Best Regards.

Dear Anonymous:

There is really no reason why you can't come out in the open and criticize my column, unless—(since your letter was written by a lady) maybe you are a disgruntled "Old Maid" who has lost her sense of humor. In that case, I am very sorry for you, but there is nothing that I can do to help, as I know of no eligible men looking for your type, (marriage is the only solution to your trouble).

You made me very happy when you complimented the style I use in presenting my column. But it makes me sad to have to admit that there is nothing that I can do about getting our paper to the readers two or three weeks earlier. You see I have nothing to do with that part of the publication. Maybe our editor could help you. In face of the facts I don't care to change the title of my column from "Toots" to "Dear Diary".

Until I am able to "Toot the Whistle" for you, I am most sincerely your correspondent,  
L. H. SHEFFIELD.

Mrs. Lillian Kirkpatrick has recently returned from a week's vacation. Your correspondent has tried hard to get some real exciting news about "Miss Lillian," but she is too cagey for him. When asked about her vacation she just gave me that winsome smile of hers. So I guess we will have to leave "Miss Lillian" with her secrets.

It takes two parking spaces for Avis Jamerson to park her car in. When asked why, she explained that she has gotten into this habit from straddling the white line when driving on the highway. Isn't that exactly like a woman?

A certain expert golfer was in Greensboro a few days ago, accompanied by a friend of his. His intention was a game of golf, but for some unknown reason these two had to leave Greensboro so hurriedly that the golfer forgot his clubs. We hear that he had a hard time explaining this to his wife. It was rather quiet on the Meadow Greens course for a few days,

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