

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

Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men:—The world is at war. Apparently the sole thought in the minds of men is to kill other men, as many as they possibly can. In such times it sounds foolish to say "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

Yet that is the one thought in the minds of men who are daily taking the lives of their fellow men. That is what they are fighting for—Peace on earth, good will towards men. Only too well do they know that as long as certain men remain in power the world will never be at peace, never feel kindly towards their fellow men. To rid the world of these mad beings, to insure peace and good will is the cross on which thousands of our finest young men are nailing themselves and their solemn pledge is to bring peace to the world or die in the attempt.

Yet few, if any, of these noble boys feel that they are making a supreme sacrifice. To them their duty is clear, and they are going about it in a manner that is winning the sincere admiration of the whole world.

From camps and farflung battlefields come letters from these men. No whining, no feeling sorry for themselves that they can't be here at home for Christmas. In millions of American homes there will be empty chairs this Yuletide; in millions of homes will go up the silent, fervid prayer that this empty chair will not always remain empty, yet there are chairs that will never again be filled. This is one of the great prices we must pay for peace on earth—that our children and grandchildren will always feel only good will towards all men.

Many soldiers, sailors, marines and aviators have written home with the sincere wish that this will be our happiest New Year. It will not, for only when the world is again normal, when our gallant men are again taking their places in our normal lives will we feel happy again. Yet we can, in all sincerity, wish each other a happy New Year, for not one of us who does not hope in his heart that the year 1943 will bring an end to this terrible war. In that case 1943 will most certainly be the happiest of New Years.

We at home can, and must, keep always in mind that until the Axis powers are destroyed there can be no peace on earth. Their's is a creed of cruelty and hatred, of forcing their wills upon weaker men. The words "good will towards men" are unknown to them. As we destroy unhealthy breeding places of vermin, etc., so must we destroy this breed of man. Then, and not until then, can we cheerfully and sincerely say to our friends and neighbors, "Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year".

Let's resolve that this Christmas, above all others, we will remember that nearly two thousand years ago a Man died that we might enjoy peace on earth; that today the youths of the world are laying down their lives that we may continue to enjoy peace on earth. Let's resolve that this Christmas we will not waste time and money in foolish gifts and senseless carousals; instead we will buy more War Bonds, more comforts and weapons for our men. To eventually insure peace on earth we can give our brave men no better Christmas gift than Stamps and Bonds, and in future days, when these men are back with us those same War Stamps and Bonds will buy Christmas gifts for him.

Again we say—and mean—"Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men".

LETTER TO SANTA (Continued From Page One)

quitting whistle he must be. So please bring him a hearing device, also a Coca-Cola ration card that allows him at least one crate a day, and a pack of cigarettes.

Howard Sheffield, our "Toot from the General Office," needs many things (from what his co-workers say!). But it seems the poor fellow always has dough sticking to his fingers (the flour kind) so won't you bring him a cook who can cook.

Catherine Turner, Blanket Mill, wants a lot of things, but I think you ought to bring her a great big bottle of perfume, for the poor child only has about two hundred bottles of the stuff.

Up in Fieldale you will stop for towels and hosiery to put in your bag, Santa. C. D. Looney wants you to bring the American Legion something, but it would also please him a lot if you'd provide more shapely legs for him to put hosiery on. Not personally, of course!

Margaret Powell, Draper Office, wants you to have Uncle Sam pass a law making it compulsory for all army husbands to spend each weekend with their wives.

Selma Stone, Draper Office, doesn't want anything in her stocking, but if you'll bring her a pair of socks (filled) she'll look him over and see if he's anything she wants.

I hardly know what to ask you to bring Georgia Thomas, our little reporter from the Bleachery. Perhaps a Teddy Bear, or a tricycle would be nice. If you have neither of these, a real "grown-up" bicycle will do. She can save it a couple of years.

At the Finishing Mill, Annie May Manuel is fast becoming a grass widow, for hubby has to work in Draper. Can't you put him in a stocking and deliver him to one of the Spray mills, or Annie May to Draper? Also some more of those picture puzzles.

In order to save the vocal chords of Maybud Stanley, of Central Warehouse, please bring her a whistle; one of the kind that by pushing one button it will whistle and by pushing another button it will sing and by pushing both buttons it will do both.

Our New York reporter, Stanley Kramer, tells us he is about to get his ears pinned back, so please bring him a little gadget that will hold his ears close to his head to keep them from getting pinned back too far.

Just the opposite with Virginia Williams, at Towel Office. She says things are too tame. So please bring her dictophones to install in each department, with wires running to her

(Continued on Page Eleven)