

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.

This article was received from Morell Conner, our Bedsread Mill correspondent. We liked it so well that we're passing it on to you—and thanking Mr. Conner for his timely article.

"The main subject nowadays seems to be taxes. People are worried about filing their income tax reports and how much they will have to pay. Most of us, it seems, will have to file a return, but some, including me, are lucky (?) enough not to have earned a sufficient amount to have to pay anything. The most talked about tax, though, is not the income tax that must be paid in a lump sum, but the tiny little 5 percent Victory Tax that comes out of our pay each week; the amount being so small that none of us can hardly feel the loss of it. I believe that if we would notice on our check stubs, right below that small amount, the word **Victory Tax**, and think what a great meaning there is in that one word, **VICTORY**, the grumbling would stop. I believe that without a doubt that citizens of other warring nations would be more than glad to give half, or even more than half, of their income just to enjoy the freedom, privileges and plenty that we have, even with our gasoline and tire rationing; which only deprives us of riding around for the fun of it. We still have far more than the necessities of life and unless the situation becomes more acute, we will continue to have this plenty.

Our Government has promised to pay back the Victory Tax we are paying, or a part of it at least, when victory is won. But even if we were simply giving it, what is this small amount compared to giving up our homes, our jobs, our families, and even our lives as some of our own brothers, fathers, sons and husbands have done and are daily doing? So let us think of a few of these things and not grumble, but give up the small things that are asked of us and pray God that it will soon be over, with victory won."

Quit That Grumbling! "Darned if the government won't be rationing the air we breathe next", a disgruntled fellow said recently. Well, why not, brother, why not? Then there'll be air sufficient for us all.

Let's get this thing straight. Rationing, as you seem to think, is absolutely not practiced just to keep you from having everything you want. The idea is to insure every one of us a part of what we must have. Suppose there was no rationing. The very wealthy would own all the sugar, coffee, etc., in the country. The middle class and poor would have absolutely none. See? Rationing is nothing more or less than a protection of those of us who are unable to compete with those who have plenty. It is the only thing in the world that assures you and me, and others like us, the same privileges in the same amounts.

We speak of our four freedoms. We speak of our democracy. Well, is not rationing a form of democracy? Is it not "equal shares for all men"?

If not, then you tell me what it is.

HOW IS YOUR RECORD (See Page 8)

Name _____ Mill _____ Dept. _____

I have not had a lost-time accident since _____

I have worked for Marshall Field & Co. _____ years.

Another On the Censor

We rather liked the poem sent us by Cecil Howard and Pilkey Smith. Whether these two boys wrote it or not we don't know, but if they did they ought to make a song out of it. Here goes:

"The Censor's to Blame."

Can't write a thing, the censor's to blame,
Just say I'm well and sign my name.
Can't tell where we sail from, can't mention the date,
And can't even mention the meals that we ate.
Can't say where we're going, don't know where we'll land,
Can't mention the weather, can't say if there's rain,
All military secrets must secrets remain;
Can't have a flashlight to guide us at night,
Can't smoke a cigarette except out of sight.
Can't keep a diary, for such is a sin,
Can't keep the envelope your letter comes in;
Can't say for sure, folks, just what I can write,
So I'll call this a letter and close with "good night".

V . . . —

"You look sweet enough to eat," he whispered soft and low.

"I am," she said quite hungrily. "Where do you want to go?"

Buy, Sell, Swap

WANTED—One complete set of kitchen furniture. Write P. O. Box 603, Spray, N. C.

FOUND—One tie pin. Loser can get same by calling at mill gate, Draper, and describing it. See Guard Charlie Edwards.

FOR RENT—One 5-room house in the Highlands, Leaksville. J. H. Lindsey.

FOR SALE—Violin, guitar, and banjo. In good condition. For details see Eddie Wilson. 113 Maryland Ave., Draper.

LOST—Black and tan Beagle hound, 12 inches high. Answers to the name, "Lady". Reward for return. Notify Mill Whistle office.

WANTED—Used typewriter. Any model, but must be in fair condition. Call at Mill Whistle office.

FOR SALE—One 1931 Chevrolet coach. \$50 cash. See Calvin Thomason, Leaksville.

LOST—Wednesday, January 6th, black male pig, 2 weeks old, one ring in nose. Reward. J. H. Crowder, Jr., Ridgeway road.