

The

MILL WHISTLE

Issued Every Two Weeks By
and For the Employees



MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC.
Manufacturing Division, Spray, North Carolina

Volume Two

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Number 26

Your Picture?

We have a number of pictures on hand that were sent to us to use in The Mill Whistle. No return address was given so we do not know to whom to return them. Below is a list of these pictures. If yours is among them we'll be glad to return it to you if you'll send your name and address.

Pvt. Thomas E. Woods
Pfc. Paul Thompson
S 2/C Clyde Terry
Ralph, Larry and Ruth Anne Pulliam
Seaman Tommy Nelson
Harvey Cheshire and two women
Pvt. Burch J. Bryant
Cpl. Roy O. Jones.

V . . . —

We Are Not Proud Of This!

Our company has many records that we workers are very proud of; proud of our part in making them. But there is one record that each and every one of us must feel ashamed of. They are facts and must be faced.

Did you know that during the week ending June 11—the week of the invasion of France—that an average of 369 of us were absent from our jobs every day during the week? These figures are correct, whether we like it or not. And did you know that wages lost due to absenteeism, based on average earnings, amounted to \$1,830.00 per day? For a six day week the total amount is \$10,980.00. Look at that figure again! Think of all the things that sum would buy. Don't you think that \$10,980.00 is a lot of money for us to lose each week on account of absenteeism? How much of this sum did YOU lose because you failed to work?

Both the Government and civilians need all the goods we can possibly produce. They don't need them tomorrow, or next week, but they are urgently needed RIGHT NOW. They are needed far more than we need an extra day of rest.

The management, our supervisors, our fellow workers, our boys in service, are all looking straight at us, asking if we will do our part in supplying sorely needed goods and at the same time increase our own weekly pay?

Remember this: Our boys on the battlefronts cannot take a day off when



Here is where all those Worth Street people you meet in "Right Off the Floor" work. Upper picture shows the General Clerical Offices, first floor; the lower picture is the General Clerical Offices, upstairs.

they feel like it. Are we entitled to anything they cannot have?

V . . . —

An amiable old man was trying to win the friendship of the small daughter of the house.

"I'll give you a nickel for a kiss," he said.

"No, thank you," she replied sweetly. "I can make more money taking castor oil."

"Rheumatism," said the doctor, "causes a man to imagine that his joints are much larger than they actually are."

"I know," explained Mrs. Smith. "Our butcher has it."

V . . . —

"How much do you charge to get me a divorce?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Don't be ridiculous. I can get him shot for fifty."