

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

WILL YOU DIE TOMORROW? One hundred and nine people died yesterday, victims of automobile accidents. One hundred and nine are dying today; one hundred and nine will die tomorrow. Statistics show that one hundred and nine persons are killed each day by automobiles. If the automobile was not such a useful, practically necessary machine, it would be outlawed as the world's most dangerous weapon. But it isn't a dangerous weapon. The automobile, in itself, is as harmless as a tricycle. Why, then, does it cause so many deaths? That's easy to answer—it is the operator that makes the machine so dangerous.

Three out of every ten cars you see on the highways today are at least ten years old, and three out of every five are at least seven years old. Yet there are some drivers—far too many!—who will take these ancient machines out on the highways, step on the gas and send them hurtling over the roads at speeds ranging from sixty miles an hour on up to the machine's capacity.

Are you one of these drivers? Your car, according to averages, is approximately six years old. She was a good little old car a few years ago, but that, remember, was a few years ago. Today she's sort of old, sort of shaky in spots, and sure as the dickens she ain't what she used to be. Yet, knowing this, are you tempted to step on the gas a little harder when you see a long, straight stretch of road? If you are, brother, you're filing your name as a candidate for one of those one hundred and nine people who will die tomorrow. Or you are preparing to make yourself directly responsible for the death of a fellow human. Deep in your heart you know the old car isn't capable of doing what she used to do. You know that some of the parts are old and worn, liable to give away under severe pressure.

A few years ago, let's suppose, you were a pretty good baseball, football, or basketball player. You could move around fast, without much physical effort and certainly without injury. You put everything you had into the game and when it was over you felt swell, physically and mentally.

Fine! Today you're several years older. You look the same, feel as if you could still get in there and give the young fellows a real tussle. But you know better. You know that if you tried to do that you'd end up in the hospital, or in bed. You've got too much sense to jeopardize your future health and happiness just for a few minutes of fun. By the same token, shouldn't you use that same sense to prevent lasting injury, perhaps death, just for the sensation of a fast ride? Brother, it isn't worth it. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and an automobile is only as sound as its weakest part. And in cars seven to ten years old there are bound to be weak parts. Treat those weak parts with the respect due their age, else they will see to it that you never reach old age. The reason cemeteries are so quiet is because the boys under the headstones no longer try to find thrills; no longer try to pass the fellow driving just ahead of them. If you haven't enough self-control to withhold that urge to "see what the old bus can do" you can rest assured that the headstone will hold you down securely. The child that sticks its finger into a pot of boiling water "to see if it is hot" quickly learns that it is!

TALKING: Common sense must tell us that we must bore some people with our talk as much as they bore us with their talk, but somehow or other we seldom stop to consider that. To most of us the things we talk about are interesting, and for that reason they should also interest others. But does it?

Bill, let's say, is interested in machines, or anything mechanical.

Jim is interested in literature, reads good stories and enjoys them. When Bill and Jim meet they, of course, talk about something, and no one needs more than one guess to assume what they talk about. Now Bill and Jim are you and I. Neither cares a hoot about the thing that interests the other, but of necessity they must pretend to listen politely. But each is bored to death.

That's something to remember when we talk with friends. There are millions of things to talk about other than our particular hobbies. And it is not only inevitable but fair that each of us should be the subject of occasional gossip. It's the law of averages!

PRODUCTS AND PRICES

Through the years Americans have come to expect more and more goods for more and more people, at steadily decreasing prices. This is a sound philosophy which has stood the test of time. When electricity first came into use, the cost per kilowatt hour was higher than it is today. As more people junked their oil lamps and wired their houses the cost of electricity was lowered to a point where nearly all could afford it.

Actually there are a few economic axioms which no amount of tinkering by government, labor or management can change. We are well aware that there is a direct connection between costs and prices. We know, too, that what each group or each individual gets out of the economic pie is dependent upon what all groups and all individuals collectively put into that pie. A decline in production means a smaller economic pie and a smaller segment of that pie for each of us as an individual.

We have been the greatest country in the world because without setback we have continued to turn out more goods at a smaller cost in human effort and at a lower price to the consumer. If we are to keep on this path of progress, management must provide the technical assistance, while labor must furnish the manpower to operate the machinery which manufactures the products.

During the war everyone "got