

# 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

**"They Say"**—No doubt you have noticed that the way many people preface a remark is with the words: "They say". Do you then stop to ask yourself just who "they" are? We all know that any statement, in order to carry weight, must be credited to some one in authority; that unless it is rightfully attributed to a certain person, or group, it is totally without authority and not worth a second thought. We are foolish to credit any such statements. For instance, if Wallace Wade said Duke was weak in the line we would believe it. But if "they say" Duke is weak in the line how are we to know whether the statement comes from someone in authority at Duke University or from someone who is trying to belittle Duke's team? It will save us all some time, and perhaps embarrassment, if—next time someone starts to tell us what "they" are saying—we would make our informant state exactly who he means by "they" and the source of their information. Idle talk not only sinks ships and helps our enemies but it hurts right here at home in that it causes misunderstanding between neighbors, fellow workers, employees and management. In nine cases out of ten this "they say" is something the speaker, himself, makes up.

**Textiles Not Important in War Work?**—There is a splendid editorial in The Textorian (Cone Mills, Greensboro, N. C.) pointing out the bitter truth of the fact that we textile workers do not consider our efforts as vital to the war effort; that we place too much importance on the manufacture of tanks, planes, etc., and too little on our own. No one will deny that the munitions of war are of first and vital importance. They are the backfield of Uncle Sam's football team. But we are the line, and the line, while receiving little publicity, is mighty important to a football team. Unless the line opens up holes in the opponent's line the backfield men cannot get through to score. And unless Uncle Sam's boys have the very necessary equipment that we can make for them they are powerless to advance on their opponents. Let's suppose that all industry cease the manufacture of everything except munitions, ships, etc. Our boys would be the best fed, the best armed bunch in the world. But how far could they get that way? Deep in your heart you know that any fighting force is much like a large bunch of men in a dormitory or boarding house. The dormitory may furnish rooms and board. But what about bedding, towels, clothing, the numerous things a man must have in order to live and carry on his work as usual? No indeed, if we will just stop to think a while we cannot help but realize that in producing the things that will add to his comfort we are doing just as much towards winning the war as the man who makes the big guns, ships, planes. Our work is not as sensational but it is just as necessary. It is just as necessary for all of us to work every minute of every day as it is for the munitions workers. The hours you lose from your work now may mean a soldier in Russia this winter may have to wait that much longer for his overcoat. Don't make him wait!

**SCRAP IS VITAL to the WAR EFFORT!**

## GENERAL OFFICE

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Every one in the General Office had a hard time getting a copy of The Mill Whistle that carried a picture of Little Jacqueline Nolen. Tom Nolen, her father, took all the office copies thinking that they were complimentary copies meant for him.

Carl Banks is going to take a vacation next week—to dig sweet potatoes.

If you guards at the mills should have a stranger ask for admittance to the plant, don't be too hasty in deciding that he is a Nazi Spy. It may be one of our Internal Auditors from Chicago. If you haven't had your target practice, let your conscience be your guide.

Annie Baughn has been asked how she is getting along in a matrimonial way. She says that she will not make a statement to the press just yet, but that we may quote her as saying that she is making some progress.

Louise Nowlin and Louise Beach spent the weekend with their husbands in Newport News and Norfolk, Va., respectively. They both report having had a very pleasant weekend. Louise Beach evidently had an unusually good time, she came back and handed in her resignation—the only explanation that she offered was "she couldn't stay away from her Jim any longer."

We are sorry to learn that Mabel Smith is away from her desk due to illness. We all wish for her a speedy recovery.

The girls in the Accounts Payable Department had a letter from Mrs. Mary Coleman Stamey a few days. We are sure that all of you who remember Mary Coleman will be glad to have news from her, and we are sure that you who know Mary as well as we do here in the General Office will consider it news when we tell you that she is now passing away her idle hours, in the Metropolis of Liberty, N. C., teaching school. The thing that makes this so strange to us is that Mary once publicly denounced all school marms. What the public didn't know (and this a secret) one or two of those school marms were trying to stake out a claim on the Stamey Ranch. This brought the wrath of Mary down on the whole teaching profession. When Mary gets wrathful something is bound to happen—it did—she took over the Stamey claim lock, stock and barrel. Mary we are all pulling for you and wishing for you the best of success in your new work. At the same time our sympathies go out to those poor kids that had to take front seats in your classroom.

The U. S. Army moved into Leaksville, N. C., last weekend and made a surprise attack on the enemy. The latest news bulletin reports that the enemy

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