

# 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.

**Scrambling Around:** To our mind, untrained in the mysteries of politics, it seems that someone in Washington pulled a big boner the other day. Next day newspaper headlines came out with some sort of "work or fight" announcement and it was so worded that thousands of men and boys read in those headlines that they either had to go to work in some munitions plant or shipyard, or be drafted. Later, it was explained exactly what was meant by war work, but by that time those thousands of men and boys had given up their jobs back home and were waiting in line for jobs in munitions and ship building plants. So, for no reason whatever, many plants engaged in essential war work were left without enough help to carry on. While we have no figures available, any of us can see that our company, like many others, is rather hard hit. But what we can't get through our head is this: If, in manufacturing blankets, sheeting, towels, parachute cloth, parachute flare cloth, cartridge bag cloth, sand bagging, hosiery for WAACs and nurses, and several other like things, we are not engaged in essential war work, what are we engaged in?

Too many of us seem to have the idea firmly fixed in mind that the term war work is limited only to munitions and ships. Thirty seconds of clear thinking should convince anyone that this isn't the case. Another thirty seconds should convince anyone who is working here that our job is as important, and in some respects more essential, than the making of guns, planes and ships. And the order from Washington said "engaged in essential war work", which means you are in a no more draftable position right here than you'd be in any of the so-called "war plants". And you're doing just as much to help produce the things we must have.

Long ago a great military leader remarked that "an army travels on its stomach". He meant that literally, we think. To get to its objective an army must travel, and as swiftly as possible. Morale is a word with a great deal of meaning. If you attend a party dressed in shabby old clothes, while others are well groomed, you feel somewhat embarrassed. You can't be yourself. Your morale is impaired. You've gotten nowhere. You feel out of place. That, in a way, is what the great general was speaking of. A well fed, well clothed army possesses a much higher morale than a poorly fed, ill clothed one. That's common sense, and by the same token it is common sense that the army with the highest morale is by far the superior one in both body and mind.

Our job here is to help provide that morale—without which an army or navy is licked before they start to fight. We help clothe them, provide them with whatever comforts we can. From all over the world we get letters from our boys telling us how wonderful it is to sleep between our sheets, under our blankets; to find our towels on their racks. That, brother, is essential. Just suppose our men had to do without all the things we are making; for them. Do you think he would be the first class fighting man he is? Would you, yourself, be in shape to do your daily work if you slept in a cold room, without enough blankets? If your clothes were too thin to keep you warm? If you had to wonder if anybody cared how you feel? You are furnished with the tools for your work—just as the soldier is furnished with his rifle, etc.—but you're not capable of turning out good work because you're too uncomfortable, too uneasy in your mind.

No, brother, you belong where you are. Your job may not be as spectacular as making bombs and building ships, planes, etc., but it is just as necessary, just as important. You're engaged in essential war work and as long as you are doing that Uncle Sam will want you to stay where you are until he needs you in his army. If he needs you he'll take you, no matter where you are working.

## Nantucket Building

By Nellie Kirby

Dr. Johnson, now a lieutenant in the Army, spent a few days here last week visiting friends.

We are glad to see Mr. Humbert back at his desk after a visit to the hospital.

Otis Marlowe, of the Wage Bureau, is the proud father of a baby girl.

The members of the Wage Bureau received a long letter from Bill Sherwood. Bill says that after spending several days in the barracks, the Quartermaster's Department finally located a uniform and shoes small enough for him. He said they gave him an over-all jacket to wear until they could outfit him and it was a perfect fit for an ankle length topcoat. Bill, formerly a checker for the Wage Bureau, is stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Pvt. Gordon A. Pittendreigh, formerly with the Credit Union, arrived Sunday for a 15-day furlough. Gordon has recently been transferred from Harding Field, La., to Columbus, Ind.

Received a card from Ernest Balsler. He is at Ft. Bragg Reception Center waiting to be shipped out or stationed there. Ernest was a checker in the Wage Bureau before induction.

The girls in the Personnel Office received a letter from Mrs. Archibald Gwynne this week. "Kitten" says she is liking Mississippi fine, but misses all her friends here.

Mrs. King Barker and Miss Mary Hundley, Engineering Department, are planning to spend this weekend in Washington, D. C.

First Signs of Spring . . . John Summerour and Pete Holmes discussing their gardens . . . Sam Ray Thomas talking about the acre of buttercups at his home . . . The girls discussing new hats and brown and white shoes.

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### Can This Mean Us?

And if our lines should sag and break  
 Because of things you fail to make;  
 That extra tank, that ship, that plane  
 For which we waited all in vain,  
 Will you then come to take the blame?  
 For we, not you, must pay the cost  
 Of battles you, not we, have lost.

—From an Unknown Soldier in Bataan.

## Buy, Sell, Swap

WANTED—Good used bicycle. Boy's or girl's model, Ernest Yates, Phone 277-J.

FOR SALE—18-acre farm with one tobacco barn. Good pasture land, plenty of wood. Easy terms. See Dorsey Meeks, Finishing Dept., Woolen Mill.

FOR SALE—Five-room house, lot size 60x200 feet. Located on Pine Hill street, North Spray. See Clarence Roberts, Finishing Dept., Woolen Mill.