

ON JOB FOR UNCLE SAM

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came just at the right time, his 22nd birthday, on January 22nd. Hope you had a happy birthday, John, and many, many more. Address: **John H. Mize**, 13035813, APO 920, Care Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

"I am now in North Africa, and finding it interesting," Bill Barton writes Mr. Wilson. "It is quite different from any place I ever saw, especially Leaksville." Bill adds that the people, for the most part, cannot speak our language, but are learning it faster than the boys are learning the native's language. Most of the natives are Arabs, but they are not, apparently, very sociable. Bill's address: **Carl H. Barton**, 34175010, APO 302, Care Postmaster, New York City.

"I would appreciate it very much," James Farmer writes Mr. Wilson, "if you would be so kind as to send me The Mill Whistle." You bet he's that kind, James. In fact, if we didn't send you the paper our job would do a disappearing act when he found it out. At that, we are tickled that you want it and your name goes right on the mailing list, to stay. Address: **James G. Farmer**, Station Hospital, Ward No. 6, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

You all remember **Lawrence L. Clark**, who coached the Leaksville Hi football team last fall. He writes Mr. Wilson that he likes the army fine, but it is a little different from what he expected. Lawrence, Dot Manley got after us for not sending you the paper but we didn't know your address until recently. Hope you are getting it regularly now and that it helps pass the time. Address is: Sgdn. 618, T.S.S., Bks. 957, Truax Field, Madison, Wis.

"It has been nice working for Marshall Field & Co. and I look forward to the day when I can resume my work—as soon as we have finished the business here," writes **Henry P. Adams**. He adds: "It was rather interesting to find that we are using your blankets here; over 3000 miles from home." Sure, Henry, our blankets go wherever there are service men. That's what makes us folks back home want to work that much harder. Address: 3521st Ord. M.M. Co., Pomona, Ord. District, Pomona, Calif.

Victor L. Cumbo has been moved again. Now it is: 23rd Co., 1st. S.T.R., APO 24, Ft. Benning, Ga.

We have an idea that Roy Jones is something of a "kidder", especially when he tells us The Mill Whistle "is the best paper in the world". Whew! Pardon our blushes. Roy writes in to give us his new address and says "people don't realize how news from home peeps us up." At the time he wrote it was 25 degrees below zero

where he is and snow was 55 inches deep. But they are warmly clad, he says. Bet our blankets feel good up there. His address: **Pfc. Roy O. Jones**, 34453581, Btry. B, 465th C.A. Btn., APO No. 2, Camp McCoy, Wis.

V . . . —

Tom Manuel has a record that is unique. This youngster is 71 years of age, has worked for Marshall Field & Co. for 21 years. During that time he has never so much as received first aid treatment. On January 27, 1943 he took his first dose of medicine. Also asked for an hour or two off to transact some business last month—the first time he has ever done that. He lives across the Dan River from his work in Blanket Mill and walks to and from work daily.

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Another unique record is that compiled by **John L. and Francis Phillips**. To the best of our knowledge this is the only case of a husband and wife each working for 25 years without lost time accidents. During that time Mr. Phillips has required first aid only twice, Mrs. Phillips not at all. They have worked for Marshall Field & Co. since 1917, with the exception of 15 months which Mr. Phillips spent in the army during the first World War.

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Jimmie Clark, who was eight years old on Valentine Day, is not merely playing at being a soldier in his natty little uniform, for Jimmie is a real soldier, doing his part with all his might by saving his pennies and buying War Stamps. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Clark.

TOOTS

From the General Office
By Howard Sheffield

I have just received another anonymous note, it reads: "John Powell has bought a second hand washing machine. This should make a good story." Maybe the guy meant that it should make a clean story. I wonder if someone is trying to tell me to get the dirt out of this column? I think John is both smart and lucky to be the possessor of a washing machine. (If I had the pull in Washington that he has, I would have one too). Just consider for a moment what you pay for the laundry each week to **bust the buttons off** your shirts, **etc.**, **chew toes and heels** out of your socks and wear the **collars** out on your shirts before you have had a chance to break them in—it is no wonder, to me, that so many of us are troubled with high blood pressure. Did you ever suddenly awake in the morning and find that you have just fifteen minutes to dress and get to work? The mad rush starts, you finally reach the point in your toilet, where you dive into your wardrobe for that **other** shirt of yours, (which is just as it was when it left the laundry) you scramble into it to find that there is no button on the collar—this is when you would gladly spend the rest of your life in solitary confinement just for the chance to kill your laundry man. If you are lucky enough to have a wife who will dare stay in the house while you are using such language, she may sew a button on for you. But you will find that the whole thing has caused your blood pressure to rise to such a degree that your neck has swollen and you will not be able to button your shirt after all, so you rush off to work with your shirt open at the neck. Just what is going to happen when all clothing is rationed remains to be seen—my guess is, that you and I, my fellowmen, will be forming a **nudist colony** because we and the **laundry** are going to wear out clothes faster than our **ration books** will allow.

Our folks are sure getting **air-minded**—Beatrice Jones, in the Payroll Dept., is flying the coop and taking a position with the Fairchild Airplane Corp. of Burlington, N. C. Best of luck, Beatrice!

In my column two weeks ago I gave Stanley Kramer the credit for coining a new word (discombobulated). I find that I haven't been reading the best literature. I hope Mr. Snuffy Smith of the NewNited States Army will please accept my apologies. There is so bodacious much to read these days that I have been missing some of the best. After reviewing some of Snuffy's works, I have decided that Snuffy

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