

The MILL WHISTLE

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J. U. NEWMAN, JR., Editor.

HONOR: Recently word came from the top man in Washington that motorists in this country would be placed on their honor; that this was to be their sole guide in whether or not to use automobiles for pleasure driving. Much as we hate to say it there has been a fifty percent increase in driving since that announcement appeared in the papers. Have we no honor? That's the same as asking us if we have any sense. Certainly we pride ourselves on our honor, as well as sense, and most of us will get sore as a boil if someone accused us of being without honor. Sure we've got it. We honor our parents, our country, and right now we honor our service men above nearly everything else. We honor men and women whom we know are good and noble, who worked unceasingly for what they believe to be right. We honor other people and other things.

But how about personal honor? That's a horse of two other colors. Sometimes when you are trying to impress something on someone you say: "On my honor that's true", or words to that effect. Did you ever stop to ask yourself exactly what your honor is? Now's a good time to try it. Are you, on your honor, using your car and the precious gas and tires, only when absolutely necessary? Are you buying all the stamps and bonds you possibly can? Did you give the Red Cross all you could afford? Are you doing your job the very best you can? Are you trying to get more than your share of the things that are becoming scarce?

Honor. That's a funny thing, brothers. It's the thing we have to live with when we're alone. Something like conscience. We all know we wouldn't trust a man without honor any further than we could toss him by his left ear. In that case, knowing ourselves forty times as well as anyone else knows us, can we trust our own selves? Here's what we think we're talking about. (We're none too sure). Let's say that twenty-five families live on a certain street here in town and that each family owns an auto. When the ban on pleasure driving was announced, were we not all afraid the cops would check on us and take away our gas books? So we did no more pleasure driving. We were afraid one of our neighbors might report it, or something like that. That is fear, not honor.

Now the ban on pleasure driving is lifted and we are on our honor not to drive except when necessary. So one of the twenty-five families on our street say to themselves: "So-and-So was driving his car yesterday. Why can't we? We're allowed so much gas and we might as well get some use from it." So out comes the car and the family piles in for a three gallon Sunday cruise. Next door neighbors notice. "Why can't we, too?" and so on down the line. So called "honor driving" isn't to be thought of. As long as the other fellow is doing it why can't we? Honor—oh, that's a word in the dictionary under the letter H.

What to do? Being totally without knowledge of what honor means we couldn't venture to suggest. That, brothers, is something that is entirely up to you. If you have a sense of honor, if you feel it is smarter to "put something over on Uncle Sam", then it is you who must live with yourself. Nobody else wants to. If you feel that in obeying that impulse to take a little drive you are not using gas that may be terribly needed in Africa or Australia late this summer, why go to it. On the other hand we have all seen the enormous amounts of foodstuff, gas, rubber and other things our boys need. Have we any assurance that the need will be less acute this fall, or next winter? Couldn't we trust in our honor enough to realize that war is a terribly uncertain thing and that there is always the chance that every ounce of everything we can save will be eventually needed, and badly?

TOOTS

From the General Office

By Howard Sheffield

John Geer and Joe Ragsdale are going in for Victory Gardening on a very extensive basis. They are combining their **energy** and **latent talents** into the making of one big Victory Garden. Joe is going to figure cost and production. When interviewed, Joe stated that he already knows how much production they will get from their garden—he says that on each package it plainly states how much that can be produced, so it is merely a matter of multiplication. If Joe is right then Secretary of Agriculture, Wickard, is away off the beam. John is going to see that the production that Joe has set up his budget does not go into the **Red**. Your correspondent knows nothing about farming, but it seems to him that John has asked for a big job. We are all aware of John's excessive energy but we are afraid that he is not going to find knocking **weeds** out of a garden as much fun as knocking a little white ball down the fairway (In his case, **into the rough**.) John is also, on the side, going to raise his own meat. He and Carl Banks have gone into a partnership on this project. Carl says that it is going to cost practically nothing to raise the pigs. They plan to feed them on the scraps from their tables. How can this be—with the food rationing, I can't find enough scraps from my table to keep one Fox Terrier alive. We understand that John and Carl are already having their troubles, one of the pigs fell and broke a leg—wonder if the poor thing was too weak to stand? If everything works out as the **two farmers** predict, there will be no danger of any one going hungry in the Tri-Cities, next summer.

The following items were sent to me through the mails. The note was signed "John Powell's Washing Machine". It gives a fellow the creeps to be getting mail from a washing machine, but with news so scarce I am glad to use all that is sent in:

JUST IMAGINE

Carl Von Dreele without his **pipe**.
Joe Ragsdale **Still** for five minutes.
C. C. Campbell wearing a **Red Wig**.
Mr. Pitcher driving a **muddy** car.
J. H. Ripple with **enough yarn**.
Howard Sheffield in a **bad humor**.
Earl Brown without his (Robt. Burns) **cigar**.

Mr. or Mrs. Washing Machine, I appreciate the compliment you paid me. But Mrs. Sheffield says "You should do our wash for a few weeks and you will find that you have been badly disillusioned regarding my husband's good humor"—