

The MILL WHISTLE

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and For the Employees



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Suppose there were no tomorrow---

Suppose there were no tomorrow? . . . Think about it for just a minute . . . No tomorrow for you, or your kid sister at home—or the brother who left for the Army yesterday. Did you ever think that we, who have had so few yesterdays, may have no tomorrows?

It has happened, you know. To Jack Meldman, and Bob Ernest—and fifteen others who sat in our classes just last term . . .

They will have no tomorrow. They died before they ever had a try at living . . . so that we might have our chance.

There are millions who were asked to give up more than a double feature at the Earle . . . or a spiffy, new pair of pumps for next week's formal. A soda is a pretty insignificant sacrifice, when you think of—

The kids in Russia, who live on a few ounces of cereal a day. They've never seen an ice cream soda.

The Polish boys and girls, who would be in school right now, just as we are . . . if there were any schools left.

The French youths who've never had a hamburger on a date—or any other time, for that matter. They are old, very old . . . older than you and I will ever be . . .

There are millions of them . . . in Norway . . . Holland . . . Denmark . . . Belgium . . . They would stare in amazement if they could be here to see—

A jalopy painted bright yellow. "The Tin You Love to Touch" printed in big, green letters on the back.

A high school senior, uncomfortable in his 'first tuxedo . . . calling for his date, looking nervous.

Millions of things that we take for granted . . .

"Hey, Maestro! Play 'Stardust'!"

. . . There is such a feeling of permanency in our tight little world. We'll go to school with the gang, today . . . and tomorrow . . .

But, what if there were no tomorrow? There's only one way to be sure, you know—

Buy War Bonds . . . That's a simple little phrase. It's the American way of saying what we mean in a few direct words. Buy War Bonds.

Yes—you and everybody must buy War Bonds. We've got to buy more and more, and more of 'em. Just get the idea into your head that your \$18.75 might—just might end the war one-fifth of one second sooner. That maybe, in that one-fifth of a second, the boy next door could be on the receiving end of a bullet . . . Then you'll know it's worth it!

We've got to keep on plugging, saving, convincing. Giving our pin money . . .

Tell everybody—sell everybody! We can't take no for an answer . . . tomorrow—and tomorrow—and tomorrow.

Let's All KEEP BACKING THE ATTACK!