

The MILL WHISTLE

Issued Every Two Weeks By
and For the Employees



MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC.
Manufacturing Division, Spray, North Carolina

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Number 1



Shown above are some of the men responsible for the manufacture and widespread sales of Karastan rugs. They cover the country like a blanket—or should we say like a carpet? They are, from left to right: Virgil Hall, Supt. of Karastan Mill; Morris Turner, formen of Finishing Dept.; Edd Beauchamp, salesman in Mid-West territory; Harry Haig, salesman in New England territory; Elwood Sedell, designer, Karastan Mill; Bill Taylor, salesman in East Central territory; Jack Raventos, sales manager; Vic Snyder, salesman in Chicago; Neal Finn, salesman in New York; Berkley Reynolds, general assistant, Karastan Mill; J. M. Norman, Jr., manager of Karastan Mill; Alex Alexander, salesman in Southwest territory; Tom Corbett, salesman in New York; Tom Fogle, salesman on the West Coast.

V . . . —

"I'm not the most popular man in college, but I love you."

"Well, if you love me, introduce me to the most popular man."

V . . . —

He: "Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

She: "Certainly."

He: "Then tell your mother I'll be over early."

No Absenteeism Here!

In our last issue we printed an article about the large number of our people who have been absent from work. This article is different, and one that we hope every employee will read and ponder.

On Thursday, June 29th, the taxi which Mrs. Kate Ross and Miss Louise Burnette usually ride to work in failed to come for them. The two ladies knew that inventory started the next day and that it was important that bedspreads must be sewn and the work in the department finished up that day so that inventory could be started promptly. Their homes are seven miles from the Finishing Mill, where they are employed, but nothing daunted, Mrs. Ross and Miss Burnette set out on foot, determined that production should not lag on their account.

For five miles they walked and with two more miles to go they finally caught a ride, reporting for work only half an hour late.

We're printing this because we want you fellows in the battle lines to know that at least two women are sticking to their jobs in the home front lines—regardless of inconveniences.

V . . . —

Doctor: "Do you always limp?"

Patient: "No, only when I walk."

To Fight Polio

Elsewhere in this paper is printed an ordinance passed by the Rockingham County Board of Health. Everyone is urged to read carefully every word of this ordinance for it may mean the life of your child, or your neighbor's child. The dread disease that is now prevalent in this state must be stopped before it gets out of hand, and the only way it can be stopped is by our wholehearted cooperation with the county authorities.

This disease, sometimes called infantile paralysis, is one of the very few diseases about which little is known of methods for combatting it. It is, therefore, imperative that we follow the instructions given us by our county authorities.

V . . . —

"Say Joe, I'm sorry about that dirty trick I pulled on you the other day."

"Howzat?"

"That ring I sold you was phoney."

"It's O.K. I paid you with money I snatched out of your vest pocket."

"Why, you lousy rat, that was counterfeit."

V . . . —

Many a romance begun beside a splashing waterfall at a summer resort has ended beside a leaky water faucet in a kitchen sink.