

The MILL WHISTLE

Issued Every Two Weeks By and For the Employees of
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
 MANUFACTURING DIVISION

SPRAY, NORTH CAROLINA

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PLAY BALL! This week our population is swelled by some fifty or seventy-five young men who are here to try out for the baseball team. Of this number about fifteen or twenty will remain to represent the Tri-Cities in the newly formed Class "C" Carolina League.

The Tri-Cities have always been known for their love of sports and baseball players have always been made to feel perfectly at home here. We consider them one of our own as long as they are with us. Many players have gone from here to other teams with the remark: "I'd rather play ball in the Tri-Cities than anywhere else I've ever been."

In preparation for the coming season Marshall Field and Company and the Spray Civic Association have done a great deal of work on the park formerly known as the Bi-State park. Never before has it been in better playing condition. Grass has been sown in the outfield and it looks as smooth as a golf green. The players will appreciate this.

This season will be different from many others. We all know that the war has made changes in everything. Insofar as baseball is concerned we can expect that the changes will be in the players. They will be younger, or older, than most of the fine youngsters who have represented the Tri-Cities in the past. They will, in some cases, lack the polished experience we have come to expect in our players. In fact, a good many of them will come straight from high school diamonds, and we certainly can't expect inexperienced players to step right into professional baseball—and class "C" at that—and disport themselves like seasoned veterans.

All of which leads to this: Let's remember, while we are watching games, that these youngsters are in the same class as youngsters learning the textile trade in one of our mills. We won't expect a learner to step right up to a loom and start running it. Nor should we expect a high school boy to step into professional baseball and play classy ball right from the start.

Let's give them time. Let's encourage them all we can, instead of criticizing their play and thus taking the heart from some of the most sensitive players. It costs nothing, for there is no law to compel you to wager your money on any game, play or player.

One more thing we should keep in mind is that these young men are playing baseball because the boys in uniform want them to. Our service men want baseball; want it because it is the American game; a game in which every red-blooded American boy has at one time played—call it baseball or "One-Old-Cat" it is still played with a baseball and is still dear to the heart of nearly a hundred and thirty million Americans.

Remember, if these boys were needed in the armed forces or essential industry you can bet your life they would be there. The reason they are in baseball is because they are needed there. So when things go wrong; when the home team is kicking the ball all over the field and you see the bet you made slipping from your pocket, don't get up and howl about it. Don't tell the kids out there that they "oughta be toting a rifle," and "who ever told you that you could swing a bat," etc.

As for the older fellows who will be on the team, they know how things are and will understand, because they will have had years of experience behind them.

TOOTS

From the General Office
 By L. H. Sheffield

We are all worried about John Geer. He is looking so forlorn these days. It must be one of three reasons for his trouble. Maybe the sudden appearance of Spring is getting in his blood. Could be his son is proving too much of a problem. But most likely it is that he is not thriving so well on his cooking. John has lost that cook of his, the one that he was so sure would be a permanent asset to his home. Cheer up John! We all hope for you a speedy recovery from your worries. If you lose enough around the waist line I'll sell you some of my new Shorts.

Everyone was sure that the worried look that Woodrow Kirby was carrying around was due to Wool Scouring Problems, but they don't think so now. The Stork has delivered Kirby a baby girl. Who would be worrying about Scouring anything, at a time like that?

More babies! Myra Winn, formerly of the Accounts Payable department, announces the arrival of a son. Congratulations, Myra.

Mildred Heiner has been away from her desk for a few days. What's the news, Mildred! We sure have missed you.

Have tried hard to get Mary Lily Warren in this column, but she keeps her head above the clouds so you can't tell what she is thinking.

Annie Baughn is sending last issue of The Whistle to June. She thinks what we had to say in this column may cause him to sit up and take notice. If we can be of further service to you, Annie, please don't hesitate to call on us.

The campaign for a new Sweater Girl, is lagging, due to the Heat Wave—may have to defer until cooler weather.

We hear great things from Frances Cowan. She stands at the head of her class in School. Good going Frances give those Virginians a run for their money!!!

V . . . —

Finance

Harduppe—"Darned if I understand banking."

Cashdown—"How so?"

Harduppe—"They lend you all the money you want as long as you can prove you don't need it."

V . . . —

The Mayor—You are charged with running your car sixty miles an hour, smashing a telegraph pole, going through a plate glass window, and injuring six people. What do you say?

Lovely Young Lass—Don't the fifteen dollars I pay for my license entitle me to any privileges?