

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 Three

Attention Returned Service Men

Welcome home, fellows, and we certainly hope you'll soon be back on your old job, turning out material to help your former buddies finish up this war in a hurry. You, more than any of us, know the importance of keeping supplies flowing into the war zones, and you can give us a "shot in the arm" to cause us to keep production even higher than it has been.

But the Mill Whistle has a kick—and we aren't ones to keep still when there's a chance to howl. And here it is: If mail doesn't stop coming back to us at the rate it is now coming the post office at Spray will be forced to hire a couple more clerks to take care of it.

Fact is, we're getting back a lot of Mill Whistles that were sent to your address overseas. Maybe you're so enthused at being back home that you just forget to tell us about it. We don't blame you, but at the same time it is making a lot of needless work for several people—including your Uncle Sam.

If you are one of those fortunate ones who are at home from overseas we would greatly appreciate it if you would drop us a card telling us about it so we can remove your name from the list of overseas mail. Or have some of your folks notify our reporter in any of the mills. The volume of returned mail is getting heavier every week and we are sure you don't want to cause needless work for the mail clerks and those of us here who handle the mailing out of the Mill Whistles.

Again, we're really glad you're back, and we'll be even more glad when all of your buddies, too, are back.

V . . . —

Two small boys at the Salvation Army dinner put their grimy hands side by side on the tablecloth.

"Mine's dirtier'n yours!" exclaimed one, triumphantly.

"Huh," said the other, disdainfully, "you're two years older'n me."

V . . . —

The vicar was appealing to members of his congregation to supply refreshments for the church social. "And now, please remember," he ended, "what we want are not abstract promises, but concrete cakes."



The 25th Bomb Group, (Reconnaissance), England: — **Pvt. Edward L. Joyce**, of Leaksville, former infantryman, now assigned to the technical supply section at this operational base, is getting acquainted with some of the flying equipment that he will handle for flying personnel of this B-17 and Mosquito group. Explaining the workings of parachute harness is **1st Lt. Chester J. Chmiel**, of Dupont, Pennsylvania, a pilot of B-17's, that fly long range weather missions over the North Atlantic.

V . . . —

Church League Now Going Strong

If you have been missing the soft ball games in the Church League you have been mistreating yourself. The old boys are disporting themselves like teen-age youngsters and some surprisingly good ball is being played.

As in nearly all local leagues, competition is keen, but good natured. The old boys fight to win, and despite aching joints and somewhat dimmed eyes it is hard to believe that some of them are grandfathers.

Whether you are connected with one of the churches or not you certainly should see some of the games. You'll probably see some good playing and some not-so-good playing, but you'll see a real ball game. Come out.

Games for the next two weeks are:

CHURCH LEAGUE SCHEDULE

August 13-25

August 13—Rock Church vs Moravian at New Leaksville.

August 14—First Christian vs River-view at North Spray; 2nd Christian vs Presbyterian at Leaksville Graded.

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In Third Place Now

Say, it's getting tiresome. Too often some one asks: "Who won last night?" and the answer has to be: "Nobody. It rained."

And it does rain in these parts, don't let anybody tell you different. We never heard of St. Swithin's day until recently, but whosoever this old saint was he sure knew his rain. St. Swithin's, as we understand it, comes on July 15, and legend says that if it rains that day it will rain every day for the next 40 days.

Well, it did, and it has.

Not even our daily rain could keep our Cubs from moving up a space in the club standing. We're in third place now and Raleigh is casting anxious looks backward—from their perch in second place. They'd better, for sure as the dickens we'll be right on top of them within a week.

The boys have settled down and are playing heads-up ball—something they haven't been doing so far this season. With second place, and visions of the "World's Series" (Carolina League version) dough, in plain sight they're hustling.

For the first time in history the local club has been without a really long distance hitter. Crawford, catcher-outfielder, and Granzig, second baseman, are the longest hitters but neither could be classed as a consistent long distance hitter. The little catcher, Majercik, is the hardest working kid we ever saw and one of the most reliable hitters. We like him and believe he'll go to higher class leagues during the next few years and may eventually end up in the majors.

We also like Zam, center fielder, although he doesn't hit much. He covers his territory like a blanket of dew and makes the hard ones look easy. The pitchers are so-so, with the exception of Bustle, who is a smart pitcher with plenty of stuff. He is, we firmly believe, destined for higher company pretty soon. A southpaw, with poise and as cool as a cucumber under fire, he's an ideal relief pitcher, although we have used him steadily as a starter. When he gets up in higher class ball he'll probably be called on to relieve plenty of times.

Well, that's enough of criticism. We never were such a heck of a player that we could afford to criticize the other
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