

The MILL WHISTLE

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 MANUFACTURING DIVISION

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RESOLUTIONS are things people make the first of every year. They are very fragile things and can be easily broken. All resolutions are good; there's no record of anybody ever making a resolution that wasn't supposed to make them first cousins to saints.

Resolutions are like snow. The first day they are pure white, covering all the ugly spots and making the world look clean and beautiful. The second day the snow (and resolutions) are slightly dirty, at least there are a few specks of soot here and there. The third day the snow (and resolutions) start to melt a little, and bare patches can be seen here and there. The hard crust is gone and the thing is getting wobbly. The fourth day is about like the third, with the snow (and resolutions) getting thinner and more bare spots showing.

The fifth day is the big day. By that time the snow is all gone, the sun is shining brightly, and the resolution-makers are working hard at the vices they have resolved to conquer in order to make up for the four or five days they lost at it.

They tell us that only weak-willed people make New Year resolutions; that the strong-willed people don't need them because they can conquer their weaknesses any day in the year. But the rest of us have to have an incentive. We love our vices too well to just give them up any old time.

And say, isn't it a wonderful feeling—that first day—when we feel so good about giving up—say, smoking—forever and ever! We look about us at the benighted folks who are smoking, feeling sorry for them and saying to ourselves: "I used to be that way. Thank goodness I've got sense enough to quit."

It is that feeling of superiority, that feeling of strength, that carries us through the first day and well on into the second day. We still feel very sorry for those slaves to the tobacco habit who haven't the sense or will power to quit. But by the end of the second day that feeling of sorrow sort of switches from those poor people to ourselves. We begin to feel just a little bit sorry that we had to give up such a pleasant vice.

The third day is the crisis. We're on that straight and narrow path where both feet have to be watched carefully lest they stray from the path. We wonder if, after all, we should stop smoking so abruptly. Wouldn't it be better if we sort of tapered off; say two or three smokes a day? After all, smoking isn't exactly sinful, so what's the harm in a couple of smokes a day?

But no, we're not yet ready to turn loose of our new found feeling of superiority and holiness. Any fool, we assure ourselves, can smoke, but it takes a person of will power to quit. That's us!

Next day a well meaning fiend—pardon, we meant "friend"—offers us a smoke. It gives us a grand feeling to say: "No thanks, I don't smoke." Then the fiend—pardon again, friend—blows some smoke in our direction. Boy, it smells good! A few more hours of the bitterest self debate, then we almost run to the nearest place where cigarettes are sold: "Pack of cigarettes, please," and we can hardly wait to get the package opened.

No, we're breaking this year's resolutions. But next year—



Harry Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mitchell, apparently is all dressed for a hunting or fishing trip. If it is hunting we hope he has better luck than his Grandpa G. C. Truslow! He's a fine looking lad and no wonder Grandpa, who is superintendent of the Finishing Mill, is proud of him.

Commence At Home

In speaking of a person's faults,
 Pray don't forget your own;
 Remember those in houses glass,
 Should never throw a stone.
 If we have nothing else to do,
 But talk of those who sin,
 'Tis better we commence at home,
 And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
 Until he's fairly tried;
 Should we not like his company,
 We know the world is wide.
 Some may have faults—and who has
 not?
 The old as well as young;
 We may perhaps for aught we know,
 Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
 And find it works full well;
 To try my own defects to cure,
 Before of others tell;
 And though I sometimes hope to be
 No worse than some I know,
 My own shortcomings bid me let
 The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
 To slander friend or foe
 Think of the harm one word may do
 To those we little know;
 Remember curses sometimes, like
 Our chickens, "roost at home";
 Don't speak of others' faults until
 We have none of our own.